

SOUTHEY'S LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE.

[Although we have had several notices of the subject, we are unwilling to close our series with the painfully ungracious article of *his friend*, in the Quarterly Review. To Southey we have been indebted during our whole life; and have loved him ever since we read and read again his Remains of Henry Kirke White. So we copy what is written of him in a better spirit, by an *antagonist* journal, the Edinburgh Review.]

POETS have become much more important personages with the public in the nineteenth century, if the length of their memoirs may be taken as a standard of the interest which they excite. The longest of Johnson's "Lives of the Poets"—that of Dryden—does not equal in length a twentieth part of the memoirs of Byron or Crabbe; the most minute—that of Savage—enters on far fewer details than the life of Scott. In the "Correspondence of Southey" we are again presented with an array of volumes, equal in bulk and number to the "Lives" of men who have guided the councils or added to the empire of the British crown. The future biographers of British bards will inherit no easy task.

The fashion of incorporating an author's correspondence with the general narrative in some measure accounts for the amplitude of such memoirs. Quirini, in his life of Cardinal Pole, was, we believe, the first person who conceived the idea of making distinguished men their own chroniclers. His example was followed by Middleton, by Mason, and Hayley; and the Lives of Cicero, of Gray, and Cowper, are still read, and sometimes re-published. The advantages of Quirini's plan are obvious. Where the subject of the memoir was "a good correspondent," we enjoy in his letters the nearest substitute for conversation with him. The disadvantages of such epistolary records are, however, in some cases, considerable. Editors are too apt to forget that a half is sometimes better than the whole. A series of letters almost inevitably involves repetition; especially when the writer of them, like Cowper and Southey, has passed much of his time in domestic or studious seclusion. We do not become tired of Walpole, because he writes of Newcastle and Pitt as well as of Patten and old china. But Cowper's recurring bulletins of the progress of his "Homer" frequently make us wish for more variety or fewer letters. The topics of Southey's correspondence are, it is true, more varied than those of the recluse of Olney. His literary connexions were more numerous, and he had not wholly shut out the world. But, on the other hand, Southey did not possess Cowper's genial humor. He was less observant; he was less contemplative; and, from being irritably alive to literary fame, he deemed that no subjects could be so welcome to his correspondents as the conception, progress, and fortunes, of his rapidly planned and nearly as rapidly finished quartos and octavos. In themselves the letters are lively and original, and, with a few exceptions of early date, easy and unaffected; nor would it be difficult to select from the

volumes before us some of the most finished specimens of their author's delightful style. Their juxtaposition and number alone mar, in some degree, their individual beauty.

Whether Mr. Cuthbert Southey be the most appropriate biographer of the late Laureate we have some doubt. In his preface, indeed, he roundly asserts his superior claim to the pious office; and so far as regards honesty of purpose and reverential feeling, he has unquestionably made good his claim. His position, however, disqualified him, on many accounts, for being much more than an editor of the paternal memoirs. From his hands we could not expect a comprehensive or impartial scrutiny of Southey's station in literature, of his relations to his contemporaries, or of his influence, either as a critic or as an original writer, upon the taste and opinions of his age. A Life of Southey, so executed, would have demanded from his son a stoicism which no one had any right to exact, and which might, indeed, have seemed an inversion of the *patria potestas*. For these reasons we cannot place the volumes before us upon a level with the classical lives of Scott and Byron. We can easily imagine a more graphic portraiture of the original than we have found in them; and we must regard them, therefore, on the whole rather as materials for the future biographer, than as the record which the public expected or Robert Southey deserved. With all these abatements, our obligations to Mr. Cuthbert Southey are still considerable. He has made an important addition to our epistolary literature, and he has furnished us with new motives to admire the genius and revere the memory of his father.

The verdict of this journal on the works and intellectual position of Southey has been often and unreservedly delivered; and, after reconsidering these former judgments, we find in them little to modify or reverse. In many important questions—literary, political, and ethical—we differ as before. We thought him often arrogant in his treatment of contemporaries, eccentric in his views of events and parties—and we think so still. We always bore cordial testimony to his private worth, to his manifold acquirements, to the excellence of some of his writings, and to the singular beauty of his language; and so far, if there be any change in our former impressions, it is in his favor. Indeed, our admiration of his many admirable qualities has been increased by the publication of his "Correspondence," and we now advert to our dissent from him, only that in surveying for the last time his private and literary career, we may be relieved from the painful duty of again controverting his opinions or again protesting against his occasionally harsh judgments. Death, the great reconciler, has disarmed, even of their sound and fury, the hard names which he vouchsafed us in his books, and pretty liberally repeats in his letters. But these "terms of impropriation," as Sir Thomas Browne calls them, neither dwell in our memories nor revive our griefs; and to us Robert Southey, like Plutarch's heroes, has become as one whose failings are writ-

ten in water, and whose virtues are recorded on tablets more enduring than monumental brass.

His life may be most conveniently divided into three periods—his boyhood and residence at Oxford; his scheme, or rather dream, of Pantisocracy, with its immediate results; and his adoption of literature as a profession. Over each of these our limits permit us to take only a brief glance. The letters will be their best illustration, and to them we must refer our readers. Had Southey, indeed, as he once purposed, become his own biographer, we should have possessed a volume of at least equal merit with Gibbon's "Memoir of his Life and Writings." The seventeen letters of autobiography, which usher in Mr. Cuthbert Southey's narrative, and comprise the family and personal history of his father during the first fifteen years of his life, are so interesting and so pictorial that we feel nearly as much regret at his leaving the work of self-portraiture incomplete, as at his unfulfilled design of a History of the Monastic Orders. His general letters and the biographical prefaces to the later editions of his poems in some measure supply the loss; but we miss in them the selection and condensation in which no one was better skilled than himself. In this brief preliminary sketch of his boyhood, his felicity in grouping and narrating is as conspicuous as in his finished Lives of Nelson and Cowper.

The family of Southey's, from which the poet descended, was settled in Somersetshire in the seventeenth century, and appears to have generally consisted of substantial yeomen, who would now rank with the second order of country gentlemen. One of his ancestors was out in Monmouth's insurrection; but fortunately for himself, and the future Rodericks and Kehamas, he managed to elude Judge Jeffries' search-warrants. Another married a niece or cousin of John Locke's—an alliance of which most persons would be proud, but which Southey rather petulantly undervalues. The author of the "Book of the Church" had, indeed, few sympathies with the philosopher of the "Human Understanding," still less with the writer of the "Letters on Toleration." The families of the Bradfords, Hills, and Tylers successively mingled lot and lineage with the Southey's. Of these the Tylers afforded the poet a most eccentric aunt, and the Hills a most justly-revered uncle. By one of those evil chances which befall the choice of a vocation in life, Southey's father, whom nature had marked out for a gamekeeper, was apprenticed to a linendraper in Bristol, became, in due time, a master-draper, took a hare, in token of his proper instincts, for a device, failed in business, and bequeathed to his son an estate similar to Joseph Scaliger's—"the best part whereof lay under his hat." Of this unlucky father Southey records next to nothing: from his mother, whose maiden name was Hill, he seems to have inherited his well-defined and shapely profile, and the ground-work, at least, of his moral and intellectual character. Before closing our account of Southey's ancestors we must remark upon his singular ill-luck with respect to pecuniary bequests. Two of his paternal uncles, childless themselves, left their property away from him; and one of them, "worth nearly a plum," refused to aid him when his father had become insolvent. He was thus destined to be the architect of his own fortune, and to learn a nobler use of money than his succession to a million would probably have taught him.

Robert Southey was born at Bristol on the 12th

of August, 1774. Happily, however, for him, his childhood was not passed amid the narrow streets of one of the dingiest of cities, but at a farmhouse, "about half an hour's walk from Bristol," the home of his maternal grandmother. The house at Bedminster, with its quaint garden and antique furniture, its paved court-yard and its porch covered with jasmine, was just the quiet homestead which might have suggested an Elia to Lamb, and which has really supplied Southey himself with some hints for his description of Daniel Dove's patrimonial cottage. Here, while Mrs. Hill survived, his holidays were spent, and here, too, he probably imbibed his deep love for country life; although as little of his father's tastes for country-sports had descended to him as of any other inheritance. The only patrimony he acknowledges to, is, "the drowsiness of his father;" when accounting for the proportion of sleep which he allowed himself. On Mrs. Hill's decease he removed with his aunt, Miss Tyler, to a village nearer Bristol; and he afterwards accompanied that eccentric lady in her subsequent removals until his summary ejection from her roof. Over his gentler mother the said aunt exercised the full prerogatives of an elder sister, as in truth she seems to have ruled all around her with a rod of iron. Had the first volume of these letters been published a few months earlier, Mr. Dickens might have been taxed with borrowing his imaginary Miss Trotwood from the authentic Miss Tyler. Both these excellent ladies were equally firm in purpose, sudden and quick in quarrel, and averse to dust and matrimony. Residing with his aunt, Southey met with many indulgences, but more privations, and those of an injurious kind. He had no playmates; he kept late hours both night and morning; and he was almost debarred from exercise, "never being allowed to do anything by which he might soil his clothes or the carpets." Still, on the whole, her dwelling was not without its advantages for a studious and imaginative boy. He had access to some book-closets of very miscellaneous contents; the British Circulating Libraries introduced him to "his master, Spenser;" to Ariosto and Tasso, through Hoole's versions of them, and to numerous tomes of voyages and travels. Miss Tyler, too, was a constant frequenter of the Bath and Bristol theatres; the manager courted her applause, or, at least, her suppers; and Thespian phrases were so current in her family, that her nephew was once severely reprimanded by her for applying to a large congregation the term of "a full house." It is not surprising, therefore, that Southey's first essays in composition were juvenile dramas, which he seems to have sketched as rapidly as afterwards epic poems. Under the stronger spell, however, of Spenser, of Hoole's translations, of Pope's Homer, and of Mickle's *Luciad*, the epic scale preponderated; and the story of Egbert, combining metrical narrative with learned comment, was, apparently, a genuine precursor of Madoc and Kehama. Southey was not fortunate in his schoolmasters. His first preceptor was a General Baptist, who took Solomon's counsel, and spared not the rod. Another was a learned astronomer, who could not mind earthly things, and who calculated eclipses when he should have explained Corderius. A third—"poor old Williams"—was a great proficient in the art of writing fair, and in nothing else. From Williams came that clear and shapely handwriting, for which Southey's compositors must have blest the hour which consigned so prolific an author to so skilful

a professor of calligraphy. In spite of his teachers, however, his progress in Latin was reasonably rapid, since between his eighth and twelfth years he had "proceeded through Phædrus, Justin, Nepos, and Ovid's *Metamorphoses*." To Greek, as we learn from a letter written forty years later, he made no pretence; and his "longs and shorts" would have scandalized the most juvenile Etonian. After all, Southey's best tutor during boyhood was, perhaps, a servant lad of his aunt's, who rejoiced in the appellation of Shadrach Weeks. Shad—so he was called, except on occasions of ceremony—taught him trapball and kite-making, carpentry and gardening, to cleave blocks, to break bounds and to set Miss Tyler's discipline at naught. As we may not have occasion to mention this ingenious servitor again, we will add here, that Shad narrowly escaped becoming a universal philanthropist. He was included in the Pantisocratic scheme; and his gifts of block-splitting and boot-cleaning would have doubtless rendered him the most serviceable member of the Susquehanna colony.

In his fourteenth year, with the sanction and assistance of his uncle, the Rev. Herbert Hill, Southey was placed at Westminster School, where he remained until midsummer, 1792. "Few boys," he remarks, "were ever less qualified for the discipline of a public school than I was, when it was determined to place me at Westminster." His education had been irregular; his treatment at home injudicious; and his acquirements, considerable as they were for his age, were not of a kind to advance him in the school, or recommend him to companions at once more learned and more ignorant than himself. He appears, however, after the preliminary difficulties were surmounted, to have risen rapidly in the forms, and to have readily adapted himself to the sports, and even the mischief of boys. His taste for composition displayed itself very early at Westminster, and with most unlucky results. To a school-periodical, entitled "The Flagellant," he contributed the ninth, and, as it proved, the last number. Number Nine was an attack on corporal punishments; Dr. Vincent, the head-master, treated the offence as a case of *lèse-majesté*, threatened the printer with an action, and, when Southey acknowledged the authorship, expelled him from the school. The penalty bore no proportion to the offence. But Dr. Vincent, by all accounts, was a pompous pedagogue; and the pretentious are seldom placable. His rigor lost Westminster a scholar superior to Cumberland in general attainments, and second only to Cowper in pure epistolary English. The most valuable and lasting fruit of Southey's pupilage at Westminster were the friendships of Mr. Grosvenor Bedford and of Charles William Wyna. The large proportion of letters in the present collection addressed to each of these gentlemen shows the intimacy and tenacity of their relations with their former school-fellow. Of Mr. Wynn's friendship there is a still more honorable record. Believing himself indebted to Southey's influence and example when they were again fellow-students at Oxford, for the direction of his intellect and the strengthening of his character, he requited this high obligation by an annual allowance of 160*l.* from his own purse. This private aid was subsequently exchanged for an equivalent pension from the civil list. The bounty of the Grenville ministry was never better bestowed. It was applied by Southey, not to an increase of his income—since for that he trusted to

his pen—but to a life-insurance, which, small as it was, lightened his anxieties for his family, and was the corner-stone of the provision he eventually made for them.

The Westminster boy, on his expulsion, returned to his aunt's house, at College Green, Bristol. The offence was a venial one; and his good uncle, Herbert Hill, who noticed it with sorrow, but "without asperity and without reproaches," was not deterred, by the misadventure of the "Flagellant," from furnishing the culprit the means for Oxford. The dismissal, however, happened at an unlucky period of life. It came in the midst of his education; he had not yet reached man's estate, and the misanthropic tone of his letters at this time, in such remarkable contrast with the content and cheerfulness of his later correspondence, betrays the unsettled condition of his mind. His thoughts immediately reverted to authorship. He had been early "dipped in ink." He meditated at once a play, and an epic poem, and a volume of essays to be "dedicated to Envy, Hatred, and Malice." From these unhealthy dreams he was aroused by his father's bankruptcy, and by the necessity of girding himself up for the lectures and schools of Oxford.

It had been intended that he should enter at Christ Church. But the dean, Cyril Jackson—a supercilious pedant, whose reputation was beyond his merits, and whose merits were even less than his pretensions—had heard of the "Flagellant," and, deeming, probably, that the boyish satirist would "flout the solemn ceremony" of his college, refused to place his name on the boards. Southey was therefore transferred to Balliol, and commenced his residence in January, 1793. Dean Jackson's auguries were not altogether unverified. Though our young student's moral conduct was exemplary throughout, and his habits sufficiently diligent; yet he entered the university a republican in politics, and he quitted it a unitarian in creed. "My prepossessions," he writes in December, 1792, "are not very favorable; I expect to meet with pedantry, prejudice, and aristocracy—from all which good Lord deliver poor Robert Southey!" In spite of these misgivings, matters seem to have run smoothly enough between him and the college dignitaries; but not so with the college barber. He refused to wear hair-powder, and he refused to wear it in the year 1793, when hair unfriized and unadorned was a token of disaffection to church and state. "All is lost!" exclaimed Dumourier, when the grand chamberlain complained to him that Roland had appeared at Versailles without knee or shoe buckles; and, doubtless, the fellows of Balliol regarded their unshorn freshman as "a tainted wether in their flock." It was, however, nearly the fulness of time; the dynasty of barbers was on the wane; and even men who aspired to fellowships and livings copied the example of their unpowdered ring-leader.

Gibbon has recorded of himself that he "arrived at Oxford with a stock of erudition that might have puzzled a doctor, and a degree of ignorance of which a schoolboy might have been ashamed." Southey could, perhaps, have subscribed to a similar confession. Westminster had, indeed, in some measure, retrieved the defects of his earlier school-training, but had not, and probably could not, render him the mechanical scholar which Alma Mater has ever delighted to adopt and cherish. His tutor left him nearly to his own inventions, candidly admitting that "from his lectures Southey

could learn nothing." That even then he was a "belluo librorum," one of his friends well recollected; but we cannot discover what course of reading he pursued, or detect that familiarity with the Greek and Latin poets which his biographer ascribes to him. His letters, on the contrary, at all periods of his life—one admirable letter to Mr. Grosvenor Bedford especially—tend to prove that he rather underrated ethnic lore, and preferred the waters of the Tagus and the Arno to those of the Tiber and Ilissus. In his classical reading, he paid some attention at this time to an order of writers whom purists brand with an ill-name, and whom college-tutors seldom patronize. The imperial Stoic and the slave Epictetus were nerving him, by their pregnant maxims, for his approaching stand-up fight with poverty. The pamphlets which at that time the press was daily pouring forth upon the Rights of Man and the French Revolution were more congenial food to a republican mind than Aristotle and Aquinas; and Mary Woolstoncraft and Rousseau were more to him than Tully or Plato. His intellect in 1792 was too deeply engrossed with its own struggles, and with the revolutionary influences of the age, to stand patiently on "the ancient ways," or acquiesce in the curriculum of Oxford studies.

The most important incident in Southey's Oxonian career, both for its direct and its remote consequences, was his introduction to Coleridge. *Ex illo fonte* came Pantisocracy, Greta-Hall, and literature as a profession, as well as the habitual association of his name, both for praise and reproach, with the names of Wordsworth and Lamb, and the author of "Christabel." In June, 1794, Coleridge had come to Oxford on a visit to an old schoolfellow; and an intimacy quickly sprang up between the youthful poets, "fostered by the similarity of their views in both religion and politics." Southey, in one or two of his earlier letters, adverts to emigration and America as his probable resort from poverty and disappointment; and Coleridge now brought with him from Cambridge his "fire-new project" of Pantisocracy, which speedily ignited in his new friend's prepared mind. Thenceforward for nearly two years Pantisocracy incessantly occupied and unsettled the brains of its projectors. It was not altogether original, for the "melancholy Cowley" had once intended to retire with his books to a cottage in America; and in the most corrupt age of the Roman Empire the philosopher Plotinus besought the Emperor Gallienus to grant him a deserted town in Campania that he might colonize it with philosophers, and exhibit to an admiring world the spectacle of a perfect community. But the Pantisocratists of 1793 soared a pitch above Cowley and Plotinus. They asked for neither a city nor a cottage, but proposed to redeem the waste, to build, to sow, to plant, to wash, to wring, to brew, and bake for themselves, without bating a jot of their customary cares—the composition of epic poems, or the construction of metaphysical castles. Helpless as Coleridge was in all practical matters, we are not sure that emigration, with its attendant manual labor, would have been bad for him, even though the world had gone without "Christabel" and the "Friend." But for Southey, the greatest misfortune that could have betided him at this juncture would have been a legacy of two thousand pounds. For so much, according to Coleridge's calculation, would have started the colony; and Southey was sufficiently in earnest for a while to have staked his all upon the die.

Luckily for all parties, the money was not forthcoming; it was necessary even for philosophers to eat and drink; they had made it imperative on themselves, as Pantisocratists, to marry, and we shrewdly suspect that Mrs. Coleridge and Mrs. Southey indirectly frustrated the scheme. However this may have been, the Transatlantic dream, having first dwindled into the prosaic shape of a farm in Wales, at length melted away before the realities of life. Southey, as might have been foretold, was the first to recover his senses, and Coleridge, as may be believed, was the last to persist in dreaming on. This falling off led to a brief estrangement; but the breach was soon repaired, as both were truly placable and generous men. So contagious, however, is enthusiasm, that Southey's mother, whose journeys had rarely extended beyond the borders of Somersetshire, came, it is said, to regard exportation with ardor. Mahomet is reported to have counted the conversion of his wife, Cadijah, the greatest of his miracles; and Southey must have had no mean obstacle to surmount in the good sense of his staid and discreet parent. But probably it was not to conviction that she yielded. Life can have few greater trials to a mother than to part with such a son, though on a wiser errand than the foundation of a nephelococcygia.

In the summer vacation of 1793, and under the roof of Mr. Grosvenor Bedford's father, Southey resumed, and in six weeks completed, the first of his epic poems—Joan of Arc. It was not published until some time afterwards, and in the mean while underwent considerable corrections. Sufficient, however, of the original fabric must remain to warrant us in pronouncing this poem an extraordinary achievement for a youth in his twentieth year. Sir Joshua Reynolds, in the maturity of his art, sighed over some of his early portraits, from their exhibiting, as he thought, more promise than he had fulfilled. The first of Southey's Epics, immature as it is, might have prompted a similar regret.

Of Southey's marriage enough, and perhaps more than enough, has been written. That his engagement to "Edith" was imprudent, and that his marrying without a provision and without a profession, could hardly be justified at the time, we fancy no one will question. If an error, however, it was exempt from the usual consequences of such youthful errors, since he secured for himself a most faithful, sensible, and affectionate partner, who soothed his earlier struggles, and for forty years so managed a narrow income, as in great measure to relieve him from the cares which are most painfully irksome to studious men. The marriage—we are compelled to hurry over its antecedents—was not at first acceptable to his uncle; it was most unlikely that it should. That generous and prudent relative had been twice disappointed by his nephew—first at Westminster, and afterwards at Oxford—and was now still further alarmed by his Transatlantic project. Mr. Hill had destined his nephew for the church, since in the church alone could he assist him; but republicanism and unitarianism had effectually bolted the church door. It was in the hope of deferring his union with Miss Fricker, that Mr. Hill, now chaplain to the British embassy at Lisbon, proposed that he should accompany him thither, and then return to England and qualify himself for the law. Southey went to Lisbon; but he was too deeply attached to "Edith" to retract or even postpone his engagement. On the 14th of November, 1795, they were married at

Radeliff Church in Bristol, but to part immediately after the ceremony. The virgin-bride retained her maiden name until the report of the marriage was bruited abroad; and she remained, during her husband's absence, "a parlor boarder with the sisters" of the excellent Joseph Cottle, whose name will be revered wherever Southey is held in honor.

There was, however, another relative, upon whom the announcement of Southey's Pantisocracy and intended marriage fell like a rocket, and enkindled swift, explosive, and inextinguishable wrath. That relative was Miss Tyler. She was "a fine old Christian," and abhorred dissenters; she was a staunch tory, and abominated republicanism; she was a practical Malthusian, at least since middle life, and thought matrimony, improvident matrimony, worse than either the conventicle or the Rights of Man. Moreover, she had always expected her nephew would take orders, and revive, in some prebendal stall perhaps, the decayed dignity of the Southey family. Of his opinions, theological and political, she seems to have lived in blissful ignorance, until on a certain day in October, 1794, Southey imparted to her his plan of emigration, and his engagement to marry. Here was "worshipful intelligence." The Semiramis of College Green had been unsuspectingly harboring a leveller and a lover! Immediate ejection from her roof, "in a windy and rainy night" of the autumnal equinox, was the penalty of such a confession; and aunt and nephew never met again.

One piece of what is called good fortune, and one only, was vouchsafed to Southey at this troublesome epoch of his life—his introduction to Joseph Cottle. In 1794 Southey had delivered with some success a course of Historical Lectures at Bristol, and so became acquainted with the benevolent publisher, his own and Coleridge's first patron. "Joan of Arc" had already been announced for publication by subscription; but subscribers came slowly forward, and the poem seemed destined to remain in its author's desk, when Mr. Cottle surprised him with the offer of fifty guineas for the copy-right, and of fifty copies for his subscribers. The offer was, under the circumstances, munificent, and was as important as it was liberal; for on his return from his first visit to Lisbon, Southey learned that "Joan of Arc" had found no small favor with the public. Its success evidently strengthened in him the conviction that readers would henceforward endure poems as long as the Faery Queen, and that his proper vocation was to "heap Pelion on Ossa," and write epic verses by the thousand.

Southey's first visit to Lisbon was useful to him chiefly in laying the foundation of that wide acquaintance with Spanish and Portuguese literature which he afterwards turned to so much account, and in which, among his own countrymen at least, the late Mr. Hookham Frere alone surpassed him. The value of his new acquisition was at first, however, scarcely cognizable even by himself. His mind was ill at ease; he was a widowed bridegroom for the time; his wandering instinct had not quite subsided; the present was gloomy, and the future doubtful. Nor, as he returned to England with nearly the same political bias as he brought away with him, and with the same determination against taking orders, can Mr. Hill have had much reason to be satisfied with the absentee experiment. Mr. Hill, indeed, seems to have regarded his nephew at this time with the bewilderment which Jonathan Oldbuck, we are told, excited

in his master. "Mr. Jonathan," said the man of law, "devours old parchments and makes his sixpence go further than another man's half-crown; but he will take no interest in the practical and profitable concerns of John Doe and Richard Roe."

Sixteen years after the good uncle had sent home a sketch of his nephew's character, drawn much after the same fashion, the now sobered nephew retraced his own earlier lineaments in a youthful poet, who died ere he had reconciled himself with the world or the world's law. We extract the following passage from a letter of Southey's, written in 1812, as a curious specimen of self-recognition:—

Here is a man at Keswick, who acts upon me as my own ghost would do. He is just what I was in 1794. His name is Shelley, son to the member for Shoreham; with 6000*l.* a-year entailed upon him, and as much more in his father's power to cut off. Beginning with romances of ghosts and murder, and with poetry at Eton, he passed at Oxford into metaphysics; printed half-a-dozen pages, which he entitled "The Necessity of Atheism;" sent one anonymously to Coplestone, in expectation, I suppose, of converting him; was expelled in consequence; married a girl of seventeen, after being turned out of doors by his father; and here they both are, in lodgings, living upon 200*l.* a-year, which her father allows them. He is come to the fittest physician in the world. At present he is got to the Pantheistic stage of philosophy, and, in the course of a week, I expect he will be a Berkeleyan, for I have put him upon a course of Berkeley. It has surprised him a good deal to meet, for the first time in his life, with a man who perfectly understands him, and does him full justice. I tell him that all the difference between us is, that he is nineteen and I am thirty-seven; and I dare say it will not be very long before I shall succeed in convincing him that he may be a true philosopher, and do a great deal of good, with 6000*l.* a-year; the thought of which troubles him a great deal more at present than ever the want of sixpence (for I have known such a want) did me. . . . God help us! the world wants mending, though he does not set about it exactly in the right way.

Between 1796, the date of his first return from Lisbon, and 1803, when he began to reside at Keswick, Southey's migrations were numerous. We need not trace him to Westbury, a pleasant village two miles from Bristol, fertile in verse, and near to Davy and his wonder-working gas; nor again to Lisbon, gazing "on convents and quintas, gray olive-yards, green orange-groves, and greener vineyards;" nor follow him on his return home to an abortive residence in Wales, and an abortive secretaryship in Ireland. These wanderings look very little like reading law. At Oxford he had made a brief experiment in the school of anatomy, with what success may be supposed, since, as he tells us in his Colloquies, the sight of a butcher's shop made him ill. Law was his vocation as little as Physic. He now, however, consented to study it. Meantime, where reside? From old associations he might perhaps have endured Bristol. Yet he had an all but unconquerable aversion to great cities, and a livelihood from the law must be sought in places where "men most do congregate." According to his admission, or rather his boast, he never overcame his repugnance either to law or streets. For, while his eyes were upon Coke and Lyttelton, his heart was absorbed by plans for epics, dramas, and histories. "To all serious studies," he writes, "I bid adieu when I enter upon my London lodgings. The law will neither amuse me, nor ameliorate me, nor instruct me: but the

moment it gives me a comfortable independence—and I have but few wants—then farewell to London. I will get me some little house near the sea, and near a country town, for the sake of the post and the bookseller." Themis, "bounteous lady" as she sometimes proves and is more often idly imagined to be, was not likely to be very gracious to so reluctant a votary. In fact, his wooing was of the kind which never thrives. His memory, according to his own account, was more at fault than his industry or understanding. "I am not indolent," he writes; "I loathe indolence; but, indeed, reading law is laborious indolence—it is thrashing straw. I have read and read and read; but the devil a bit can I remember. I have given all possible attention, and attempted to command volition. No! the eyes read; the lips pronounced, I understood and re-read it—it was very clear. I remembered the page—the sentence; but close the book, and all was gone." Literature and science are compatible with jurisprudence, though not easily; and to be so, the law-student must not contemplate, as in the present instance, an *auto-da-fé* of his law library as the natural termination of his legal studies. With so divided an allegiance at the outset—"law in the morning and verses in the evening"—it was as impossible for Southey to have mastered the "Reports," as it would have been for Lord Eldon to have written "Thalaba," and his final divorce from law in 1802 was as prudent as it was unavoidable.

Accordingly we regret his divorce from the law much less than his divorce from London. We believe that his preference for a country life, even if favorable to literary fecundity, was prejudicial to his intellectual character. Mingling with the society of the metropolis he might have written less, but he would have known more of men and their ways. His dislike of Mr. Canning melted away as soon as he became personally acquainted with him, and it is remarked by his biographer that his father's antipathies rarely survived contact with the object of them. In London or Edinburgh Southey would probably have learned to regard political opponents with equanimity, more especially since, as far as we can discover from his letters, he at no time very cordially agreed with the party he was believed to espouse. In the literary circles of either of these great capitals he might have shunned the gravest error of his life—the habit of imputing unworthy motives to persons his equals in ability and integrity, and far his superiors in a general charitableness of nature as well as in worldly wisdom. It is not good for man to be alone. It is especially dangerous for a literary man to listen only to the echoes of his own praises or his own dislikes. What would have become of Samuel Johnson but for his love of London? Could "Elia" have been written by a resident at Mackery End? The danger is even greater when the imagination, as in Southey's case, is a more active faculty than the understanding. Achilles is described by Homer as nursing his wrath by the solitary shore; and Southey in his rural seclusion brooded over many antipathies which a freer intercourse with the world would have first softened and then removed.

All other schemes failing, Southey now rejoined Coleridge at the Lakes, became the joint tenant with him of Greta Hall, and a permanent resident in the most beautiful county in England. "*Hoc erat in votis.*" Keswick was not very near the sea, but it combined the conveniences of a town with the attractions of the country. Coleridge was under the same roof; Wordsworth, with whom

Southey here became acquainted, although he did not admire the *Lyrical Ballads*, was at Grasmere. Greta Hall belonged to a liberal landlord: there was a good book-room and a good garden. At length the wanderer had cast anchor, as he phrased it, and the current of his days flowed smoothly forward. In order to avoid recurrence, we shall now endeavor to represent his daily life, such as it was, with occasional varieties of foreign travel or domestic incident, for more than thirty consecutive years. The records of St. Maur afford no more striking example of undeviating and conscientious labor: the annals of philosophy present few more manly spectacles of unflinching cheerfulness and serene content.

Southey's year amid the mountains of Cumberland was divided into two unequal portions. Winter in the latitude of the English lakes generally includes half the autumnal and nearly all the spring months. This long brumal period was devoted to the reading which enabled him to write, and to the writing which enabled him to live. His hours were strictly apportioned to his different employments. He was habitually an early riser, and, like Gibbon, wisely refrained from encroaching upon the night. He composed before breakfast; he read and transcribed, he wrote and extracted, from breakfast to a latish dinner; and the hours after the latter meal were generally assigned to that active correspondence which, to less industrious persons, would have been itself a business, or to the correction of proof-sheets, which was to Southey one of the choicest of mundane pleasures. "After tea," he proceeds, summing up the avocations of a day, "I go to poetry, and correct, and re-write and copy, till I am tired, and then turn to anything else till supper. And this is my life; which, if it be not a very merry one, is yet as happy as heart could wish." The gambols or innocent questionings of his children were alone permitted to break in upon his busy seclusion; for against children their father's door seems never to have been barred. He confesses that he wanted the art of making his pleasantries acceptable to women; so he will have been saved for the most part from these great consumers of the leisure of men of letters.

With the summer came the swallows; and with the swallows came tourists to the neighborhood of Keswick in even larger numbers than railroads now convey them. Since, in 1806 and for several years afterwards, the Continent was closed by war, and a voyage across the Atlantic was then an undertaking not of days but weeks. Gray was, we believe, the first describer of English lake scenery; yet he saw a portion only, and that not the most sublime portion, of our island-Alps. Indeed, even at the beginning of the present century, many of the Cumbrian dells and passes were comparatively ground unvisited, and Southey mentions more than one discovery, made by himself, on his pedestrian excursions. Among the tourists were many old acquaintances; and many more brought with them letters of introduction, which, in some instances, led to new friendships. These incursions on a limited society were salutary interruptions to his continuous winter studies. For although Greta Hall was within reach of Calgarth Park, the residence of the Bishop of Llandaff—the bishop being no less a person than Dr. Watson, the author of the "Apology for the Bible" and the "Lectures on Chemistry"—of Brathay, the home of Charles Lloyd, the translator of "Alfieri," and a genuine although an almost forgotten poet; of Ellerray, the seat of Pro-

fessor Wilson; and of Grasmere and Rydalmere, the successive homes of Wordsworth;—yet mountain roads and long winter nights were to most persons, and more especially to one so constantly employed as Southey, effectual impediments to frequent intercourse. But in the summer months, beside frequent hospitality to casual or customary visitors, he indulged himself in excursions to those regions of the mountain country which lay beyond his own immediate neighborhood. These occasional "forays" could not be complete substitutes for daily exercise, but they doubtless helped for some years to recruit his frame and to counteract the prejudicial effects of his ordinary desk-work. Even to strangers he would sacrifice the employments of the day—employments for the most part pressing and onerous—to do the honors of his adjoining lake and the mountains that environ it. In his "Colloquies," may be found some exquisite samples of his zeal and eloquence as a Cicero.

The reader will probably be glad if we lay before him a few of the vouchers for the foregoing account of Southey's studious and social life. We extract them almost at random from his letters, for no one ever wrote more naturally or unreservedly of himself:—

I am getting on with my Letters from Portugal. The evenings close in by tea-time, and fire and candle bring with them close work at the desk, and nothing to take me from it. They will probably extend to three such volumes as *Espriella*. When they are done, the fresh letters of *Espriella* will come in their turn; and so I go on. Huzza! two and twenty volumes already; the *Cid*, when reprinted, will make two more; and, please God, five a-year in addition as long as I live.

I waited to begin a new article for the "Quarterly" till the first number was published, and as that is so near at hand, will begin to-morrow. But if Gifford likes my pattern-work, he should send me more cloth to cut; he should send me *Travels*, which I review better than anything else. I am impatient to see the first number. Young lady never felt more desirous to see herself in a new ball-dress, than I do to see my own performance in print, often as that gratification falls to my lot. The reason is, that, in the multiplicity of my employments, I forget the form and manner of everything as soon as it is out of my sight, and they come to me like pleasant recollections of what I wish to remember. Besides, the thing looks differently in print. In short, there are a great many philosophical reasons for this fancy of mine, and one of the best of all reasons is, that I hold it good to make everything a pleasure which it is possible to make so.

Hitherto, (he writes to Mr. Wynn, in 1812,) I have been highly favored. A healthy body, an active mind, and a cheerful heart, are the three best boons Nature can bestow; and, God be praised, no man ever enjoyed them more perfectly. My skin and bones scarcely know what an ailment is; my mind is ever on the alert, and yet, when its work is done, becomes as tranquil as a baby; and my spirits invincibly good. Would they have been so, or could I have been what I am, if you had not been for so many years my stay and support? I believe not; yet you have been so long my familiar friend, that I felt no more sense of dependence in receiving my main, and, at one time, my sole subsistence from you, than if you had been my brother; it was being done to as I would have done.

The following letter to Mr. Grosvenor Bedford, written in 1818, is tinged with prophetic melancholy:—

It is, between ourselves, a matter of surprise to me that this bodily machine of mine should have con-

tinued its operations with so few derangements, knowing, as I well do, its excessive susceptibility to many deranging causes. If I did not vary my pursuits, and carry on many works of a totally different kind at once, I should soon be incapable of proceeding with any, so surely does it disturb my sleep, and affect my dreams, if I dwell upon one with any continuous attention. The truth is, that though some persons, whose knowledge of me is scarcely skin-deep, suppose I have no nerves because I have great self-control as far as regards the surface, if it were not for great self-management, and what may be called a strict intellectual regimen, I should very soon be in a deplorable state of what is called nervous disease, and this would have been the case any time during the last twenty years.

Thank God, I am well at present, and well employed. Brazil and Wesley both at the press; a paper for the "Quarterly Review" in hand, and "Oliver Newman" now seriously resumed; while, for light reading, I am going through South's Sermons and the whole British and Irish part of the *Acta Sanctorum*.

Our closing extract from these annals of Greta Hall is more cheerful:—

Of my own goings on, I know not that there is anything which can be said. Imagine me in this great study of mine from breakfast till dinner, from dinner till tea, and from tea till supper, in my old black coat, my corduroys alternately with the long worsted pantaloons and gaiters in one, and the green shade, and sitting at my desk, and you have my picture and my history. I play with Dapper, the dog, down stairs, who loves me as well as ever Cupid did, and the cat, up stairs, plays with me; for puss, finding this room the quietest in the house, has thought proper to share it with me. Our weather has been so wet that I have not got out of doors for a walk once in a month. Now and then I go down to the river which runs at the bottom of the orchard, and throw stones till my arms ache, and then saunter back again. I rouse the house to breakfast every morning, and qualify myself for a boatswain's place by this practice; and thus one day passes like another, and never did the days appear to pass so fast.

Southey, for some time after his return to England, pined for the sublime and luxuriant scenery of Cintra and the Tagus. The Lusitanian springs and autumns, the golden fruitage of the orange grove, the pendulous clusters of the vineyards, the deep umbrage of the forests, the flashing of bright waters in sultry noons, and the brilliant semi-tropical flora of Portugal, were indeed wanting to the Cumbrian mountains. But in their stead nature unfolded around his northern dwelling an equally august, although gloomier, panorama of sinuous dales and mountain bastions, and the broad silvery mirrors of meres and lakes. On the right of Greta Hall were the lovely vale and wedge-shaped lake of Bassenthwaite; and on its left, Lodore, celebrated by its poet in sportive dithyrambics, and Derwentwater, with its fairy islands. Behind it rose the vast and towering masses of Skiddaw and Blencathara, and in front was outspread "a giant's camp of tent-like mountains, revealing through a narrow gorge the sublime chaos of Borrowdale." Nor was Southey, as many charming passages both in his verse and prose evince, indifferent to the poetic and pictorial accessories of his abode. He was not, indeed, like Wordsworth, a student of nature at all hours and in every mood. Neither was he familiar, as Scott would have been, with the songs and legends of every dale, and with the weather-beaten features of every ancient crone

and shepherd of the neighboring hamlets. But his daily walks, his occasional rambles, and the prospect which hourly greeted him from his library window, refreshed and invigorated his spirit, and taught him to scan and describe, with a profound feeling of their beauty, the mystery and the majesty of flood and fell, of night and morning, and of elemental turbulence and repose. The ocean excepted, scarcely a chord in Nature's diapason was wanting in the landscape from Greta Hall.

The view within doors was hardly less attractive to him. In one of his letters he expresses his conviction that with the library of the British Museum at his command, he should have despaired of accomplishing his literary projects, since infinite opulence would have distracted and discouraged him. His own library had been collected by himself, and was constructed for the most part with a view to his own purposes, accomplished or designed. Its populous shelves afforded him the grateful spectacle of *spolia opima* won by resolute industry, or of the instruments of a reputation to be achieved by hopeful energy. The nucleus and basis of the collection consisted of Spanish, Portuguese, and English books. But, flanking and supporting these three great tribes of European literature, were detachments or recruits from nearly every department of ancient and modern learning; not, as now, in spruce octavos and curt duodecimos, but in tall and stalwart folios, the *megatheria* of the book creation. And above this household brigade of stately veterans, and towering upward to the vertex of the pyramid, were the more diminutive tomes of modern days, radiated as it were from their patriarchal brethren by lines of rare manuscripts, Spanish and Portuguese, horizontally arranged upon brackets. But inasmuch as the cost of the leather or even prunella requisite for coating or reclothing his boarded or dilapidated myriads would have involved his exchequer "in cureless ruin," he called to his aid the members of his household. The faded gilding or tarnished vellum of his folios was repaired by the skill of his brother Thomas; and the ladies of Greta Hall, like the inmates of the Farrar Nunnery at Little Gidding, were adepts in book-binding and its adjuncts—pasting, stitching, and decorating. They clothed the needy in fine linen of divers colors. A volume of sermons or a quaker book was dressed in drab; poetry in some flowery pattern; and a pretentious or superficial author—for the fair bookbinders sometimes added a satiric touch—in some garb symbolic of his merits. No fewer than 1200 to 1400 volumes were so bound by the Miss Southey's or their auxiliary guests; and the linen brigade, which completely filled an upper chamber, was denominated the Cottonian Library. This vast assemblage of books, so rare and nondescript, affected their owner's destiny in more ways than one. Primarily it enabled him to perform so many diversified and encyclopædic tasks in literature; and, secondly, it acted upon his plans in middle life as an anchor or *remora*. His projected history of Portugal needed a third residence in Lisbon; and a home and an occupation in Southern Europe were long regarded as essential to his health and convenient to his purse. But it was not easy to transplant his nursery; each revolving year rendered it more difficult to transport his library; his growing engagements with the booksellers made it expedient that the sea should not divide him from Paternoster Row; and after a while both prudence and inclination combined to detain him in his Cumbrian home.

Perhaps other readers have been as omnivorous; but we doubt whether any one before has been also as methodical as he is exhibited in the multiform character of his writings, and the recent publication of his *Common-place Books*. His memory for particular facts and passages was less tenacious than that of Porson or Magliabechi; and its original vigor had been impaired, as he himself informs us, by his constant practice of making notes and extracts from the books he read. So far he fulfilled the prediction of the old king of Thebes that the art of writing would, in the end, prove the art of forgetting. But his annotations, on the other hand, enabled him to amass and draw at once upon his materials for any subject in hand without hesitation or delay, and to pass from verse to prose, from biography to political economy, with a precision and rapidity, surpassed only by Goethe and Voltaire. We subjoin Mr. Cuthbert Southey's account of his father's mode of acquiring and arranging the contents of a book.

He was as rapid a reader as could be conceived, having the power of perceiving by a glance down the page whether it contained anything which he was likely to make use of. A slip of paper lay on his desk, and was used as a marker; and with a slightly-pencilled S he would note down the passage, put a reference on the paper, with some brief note of the subject, which he could transfer to his note-book, and in the course of a few hours he had classified and arranged everything in the work which it was likely he would ever want. . . . Many of the choicest passages he would transcribe himself, at odds and ends of time, or employ one of his family to transcribe for him; and these are the extracts which form his "*Common-place Books*," recently published; but those of less importance he had thus within reach in case he wished to avail himself of them. The quickness with which this was done was very remarkable. I have often known him to receive a parcel of books one afternoon, and the next have found his mark throughout perhaps two or three different volumes; yet if a work took his attention particularly, he was not rapid in its perusal; and, on some authors, such as the old divines, he "fed," as he expressed it, slowly and carefully, dwelling on the page, and taking in its contents deeply and deliberately—like an epicure with his wine, "searching the subtle flavor."

But although he read and wrote as incessantly as a candidate for university honors, his home was neither solitary nor cloistral. On the contrary, had his children and the masculine superior himself been kept out of sight, the uninitiated might have mistaken Greta Hall for a small nunnery. It in fact contained for many years three families. For Southey had taken under his roof Mrs. Lovell, the widow of his first poetical colleague, and he had found already established there Mr. Coleridge and his family. But poor Coleridge ere long turned his face away forever from Keswick, transferring to his more conscientious but scarcely richer brother-in-law the task of providing for his wife and children. With what un murmuring and unfailing kindness Southey discharged the cares of this triple family is well known. With him the discharge of duty was no cold negation; but the gentle fulfilment of an office, which a generous affection imposed upon him. And he fulfilled these tutelary duties as cheerfully as if his income had not been dependent upon the labor of the day, and as serenely as if health and life were certain, and a provision had already been secured against the contingencies of failing strength or early dissolu-

tion. Yet at no period of his exertions—and they were continued for nearly forty years—had Southey the satisfaction of knowing that a year's income was safely housed, although his pension and the laureateship enabled him in some measure to provide for the day when his parental assistance would be withdrawn. Nor was his scantily-furnished and precarious purse ever closed to the wants of friends or deserving claimants. Upon Herbert Knowles he offered to bestow an annual pension to enable him to meet in part the expenses of college; the necessities of William Taylor of Norwich he would have promptly relieved with a similar contribution, had not those necessities proved to be more imaginary than real; and in 1825 we find him, open-hearted and open-handed, making over to his friend, Mr. John May, nearly all the ready money he then possessed. Of time, which to him was money, or even more than money, he was equally lavish at the call of friendship or "patient merit." His "Life of Kirke White," and his edition of "Chatterton's Remains," are permanent memorials of the zeal with which he devoted himself to the interests of the unfortunate; his advice to Bernard Barton and Ebenezer Elliott smoothed the preliminary difficulties of their literary career; nor would his counsel apparently have less serviceably befriended William Roberts and Dusauroy, had not death released them from doubt and dependence. Happy was the home at Greta Hall; bounteous and frequent were the charities which flowed from its hearth; and strong the heart and faithful the spirit which, beset by obstacles and oppressed by toil, could ever afford leisure and sympathy to the world-wanderer, and ceased not to uplift and sustain them, until they went on their way rejoicing.

The death of an infant daughter had been the immediate cause of Southey's migration from Bristol to the Lakes in 1803. The wound was healed by the growing up around him of a fair and thriving family, in whom his affections centred without selfishness, and whom he seems to have brought up, "as best befits the mountain child," in hardy and healthy habits, although he neglected his own discipline for himself. The centre of the group was his son Herbert. For him Southey's letters indicate, not only affection, but an absorbing love, rivalling even the love of mothers. In him he saw "his better part transmitted and improved." But he saw not, or seeing dismissed it as "some phantasma or hideous dream," what more indifferent spectators could scarcely fail to discern, that a being so finely organized, and so prematurely accomplished as this favorite child, held but a precarious tenure on life. "I have now," he writes in 1809, "three girls living, and as delightful a playfellow in the shape of a boy as ever man was blest with. Very often, when I look at them, I think what a fit thing it would be that Malthus should be hanged." For seven years after the father thus wrote Herbert was the companion of his walks, his thoughts, and even his studies; for, beyond his years he was "a studious boy," and gave the flattering promise of following his father with more than equal steps. His mind had outgrown his body. His quick intellect and quiet disposition were in an inverse ratio to his prime of youth. Herbert Southey died in his tenth year, and the letters which record his illness, decease, and the griefs that followed, are unsurpassed for truth, tenderness, and Christian resignation.

We have grouped around Greta Hall the principal features of Southey's domestic life for a long

period of years, since with him one day told unto another its incidents and avocations. But we must now resume the thread of his history as it regards the world around him. He seldom mingled in it, and too often most unreasonably affected to despise it; but his reputation was increasing, and public applause exerted its usual influence upon him. When he became resident in Cumberland, he had already printed *Joan of Arc* and *Thalaba*, and the manuscripts of *Madoc* and *Kehama* were in his desk. His earliest epic, falling in with the revolutionary spirit of the times, and instinct with a vigor which he did not always display afterwards, had been successful beyond his hopes, and, as he thought in comparison with *Thalaba*, beyond its merits. Yet, although he more than once complains of the tardy sale of the latter poem, he began with his wonted energy to revise *Madoc*, and in twelve months published a third portly quarto of verse. He seems, indeed, to have thought that he had revived a taste for epical narrative, and to have projected a series of poems based upon every known system of mythology, except the familiar and attractive myths of Greece and Rome. In 1805 "The Cacique in Mexico and Prince in Wales" appeared before the public tribunal. Its author was at the same time busily employed as an editor and periodical critic; and well was it for him that his means did not depend entirely on his epic adventure—for *Madoc* eventually brought into his exchequer somewhat less than four pounds. In 1809 he produced "Kehama," and five years later "Roderick"—the intervals between these graver parturitions being taken up with regular contributions to the *Annual* and *Quarterly Reviews*, with the historical portion of the *Edinburgh Annual Register*, with a translation of the *Cid*, with his *Omniana*, the *Remains of Kirke White*, and the *Life of Nelson*. Upon these works the public has long ago pronounced irrevocable judgment, and generally reversed the verdict of their author. The periodical criticisms, which he deplored as labor unmeet for him, are still read with pleasure, and the biography of Nelson, which he designates as little better than an article, has become a British classic; while the elaborate metres and long narratives, on which the poet and historian expected his reputation was to rest, are seldom read, and less frequently cited.

The present seems a fitting place for a few general observations upon Southey's station in English poetry. If there were ever, formally, a Lakeschool, he did not belong to it; since he disliked the *Lyrical Ballads*, and it was friendship for Wordsworth which seems to have reconciled him to the *Excursion*. As little did he appertain to the order of bards, of whom Byron was the coryphæus—passion and Southey being irreconcilable terms. He was probably correct in calling "Spenser" his "master," although the interval between them was as wide as the interval between Titian and West. Both, indeed, were poets of quantity; delighting in what Lydgate calls "the long processes of an auncient tale." But in Spenser space is a shifting and gorgeous panorama, vivid in hue, majestic in form, and populous with chivalrous and mystic groups. Whereas in Southey amplitude of proportion too often resembles a wintry landscape, from which motion and color are absent, and the outline alone remains of suspended life and luxuriance. Of still life Southey, indeed, is occasionally a skilful painter; but he was too dispassionate in himself, and too unversed in men's

works and ways to inform his pictures with dramatic energy. His bad agents are all gloom; his good agents are all seraphic; his lovers are either merely sensual, or merely spiritual and metaphysical; the virtues of his heroes excite no sympathy; the vices of his criminals awaken no horror. Like characters in the old mysteries, they are speaking allegories, and not real persons.

Yet we would recommend the youthful poetic aspirant to study Southey's poems; not, indeed, as he would study the masters of the great ancient and modern schools, but for the sake of their inexhaustible supplies of poetic materials. No writer, if we except Milton, has hived so much from the stores of books, or has displayed happier skill in discovering veins of imaginative ore even in the most rugged and unlikely soils. The materials, it is true, often surpass the workmanship. Mr. Fox was said to listen attentively to learned but ineffective speeches, in order that he might speak them over again. And, although "Madoc" and "Kehama" will never be re-written, their *disjecta membra* may become serviceable under some more adroit combination. To the defects which we have noted, Southey's omnivorous appetite for reading doubtless contributed. Nearly all his poems are as much works of research as of imagination. His notes are more entertaining than the text, and sometimes as poetical. The very objectivity of his mind—a mind averse from introversion, and strenuous rather than susceptible—favored an undue accretion of its contents from books alone. He set to work upon an epic poem as many painters prepare themselves for an historical picture. They study archæology; they dive into black letter; they visit scenes of battle or of council; and they produce a brilliant masquerade. In like manner, in his longer poems, Southey assigns authorities for his characters, his costume, his similes, and his episodes, till the wonder is that, working on such a plan, so much of his work should have been so good. Of his ballads we deem much more highly than of his epics. Their needful brevity constrained his habitual gyrations. Yet even in his ballads ease and spontaneity are too often wanting; the legend and the chronicle are too apparent; they savor more of the library than the minstrel; and we turn for relief to Campbell and Scott.

Southey himself, half-humorously and half-gravely, avows his propensity to be voluminous. "Is it not a pity," he says, "that I should not execute my intentions of writing more verses than Lope di Vega, more tragedies than Dryden, and more epic poems than Blackmore? The more I write, the more I have to write. I have a Helicon kind of dropsy upon me, and 'crescit indulgens.'" He omitted to remark that Dryden's plays are nearly forgotten, that Blackmore's epics procured him a niche in the Dunciad, and that not fifty men in Europe have read a quarter of Lope di Vega's plays. In his nineteenth year Southey had held an *auto-da-fé* upon at least 15,000 verses; he plunged early into the Italian epic poets; he waded, as few men have done, through the Araucana; and one of his literary aspirations was to complete the "Faëry Queen." He composed verses at his morning toilette, in his solitary walks, on his occasional journeys; he poured them forth like unpremeditated conversation; he transcribed with the diligence of a Benedictine monk. Shelley called him a great improvisatore. The morning after he had completed "Kehama," he was ready to begin

"Roderick." Poetry, he remarks, softens the heart; "Madoc was essential to his happiness;" "no man ever tagged rhyme without being the better for it." But, although in prose the more men write, the better, probably, they will write, it is not so with verse. "Poetry," says Milton, "is solemn, sensuous, and severe;" and these are qualities earned only by excision, selection, and concentration. The taste of the reading public at the beginning of the present century affords, indeed, a cause, if not a justification, of this excess in quantity. In 1802, the greatness of a poet was thought to depend upon a certain cubic amount of verse. Glover's "Leonidas," and Klopstock's "Messiah," were not quite obsolete. Collins, and Gray, and Burns, had not written enough for a diploma of the first order. A similar propensity displayed itself at one time in Roman literature; and the later Roman epics are the least read, and, perhaps, the least readable, of the verse which survived, and scarcely survived, to modern times. It would be unjust to compare Southey with the post-Augustan writers, except, perhaps, with Valerius Flaccus. He has much more vigor and variety, and is much less tedious. Yet we doubt whether, in another generation, "Madoc" will be better known than "Silius Italicus," or "Kehama" be more frequently cited than the "Thebaid."

In 1816, and in his forty-second year, Southey adverts to the decline of his poetical powers. Was this also, like his belief that he should die in harness, a premonition of intellectual decay? "I am inclined to think," he says, in a letter to Sir Walter Scott, "that my service to the Muses has been long enough, and that I should perhaps have, claimed my discharge. The ardor of youth is gone by. However I may have fallen short of my own aspirations, my best is done; and I ought to prefer those employments which require the matured faculties and collected stores of declining life." It was a subject of congratulation to Dr. Arnold that the great observer of mankind, the philosopher Aristotle, had pronounced the age of forty-seven as the culminating year of the human intellect. Southey appears to have felt earlier the inroads of time and toil. Ten years later we find him lamenting the decreased sale of his writings. He had produced each successive work with apparently a sure and certain hope of success and perpetuity. His latest work was always, in his own estimation, his best. But, in 1828, he says, "From the public my last proceeds were:—For the 'Book of the Church' and the 'Vindicie,' per John Murray, nil; and for all the rest of my works in Longman's hands, about 26l. My books have nearly come to a dead stand-still in their sale; so that if it were not for reviewing, it would be impossible for me to pay my current expenses."

Periodical writing had indeed been at all times Southey's sheet-anchor. He pays it himself the homely compliment, that "it made the pot boil." The "Edinburgh Annual Register" had yielded him for a time an annual income of 400l.; and when he ceased to conduct its historical department, the "Quarterly Review" made up for its loss. But although Southey was well inclined to think highly of his poetical and historical compositions—so much so indeed as to compare "Madoc" with the Odyssey, and the "History of Brazil" with Herodotus!—he was equally disposed to underrate his contributions to periodical literature. His letters frequently express a poignant regret that these ephemeral tasks should en-

gross so much of his time. In case abstinence from this "drudgery," for such he terms it, would have ensured the completion of his grander historical projects—the histories of the Monastic Orders, of Portugal, and of English Literature—we should cordially echo his regret; and, as it is, we deeply lament that national or royal bounty should not have enabled him, while he had yet the power, to accomplish designs so well suited to his genius, and so likely to have remained "possessions forever." But we cannot regret that Southey should have added, by his enforced labor, so many beautiful chapters to the current and more consumable literature of his age. As a critic, indeed, he ranks below Lessing and the Schlegels. He was less analytic than Coleridge, less discriminating than Mr. Hallam, and less pictorial than Mr. Macaulay. But he possessed, in an unusual degree, the requisites for periodical composition. His clear, masculine, and harmonious style it is superfluous to commend. His universal reading enabled him to adorn every subject that he treated. He passed from one topic to another with the versatility of an advocate passing from the crown court to *nisi prius*; and his fancy was never more happily employed than in enlivening the themes of another, whether dull and superficial, or lively and well informed, with his own pithy analogies or humorous allusions. To the "Quarterly Review" alone he furnished, in the course of thirty years, nearly a hundred articles. His aid and reputation are well known to have contributed most materially and in many respects most justly to the early success and permanent celebrity of that journal.

The friends of Southey proposed or attempted many schemes for the improvement of his worldly circumstances. But every successive scheme proved either impracticable or unadvisable. Some we have already noticed. In 1809 he applied for the stewardship of the Derwentwater estates belonging to Greenwich Hospital. Their proximity to Greta Hall, and the annual salary of the office, £700, were obvious recommendations. But, upon inquiry, the duties of the stewardship were wholly unsuited to his habits and pursuits. "The place of residence varied over a tract of country of about eighty miles." This was too roving a commission for one whose tap-root was so firmly fixed to one spot. And the steward was expected to be "a perfect agriculturist, land-surveyor, mineralogist, and lawyer." Now of farming Southey knew as much as Virgil or "honest Tusser" could teach him; he had probably never measured his own garden by any other gauge than long strides; he did not know granite from oolite; and he had long shaken hands with law. "For my own part," writes Mr. Grosvenor Bedford, after recounting the Protean functions of the steward, "I would rather live in a hollow tree all the summer, and die when the cold weather should set in, than undertake such an employment." The situation of librarian to the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh, with a salary of £400 a-year, and with the prospect of an increase, was offered him in 1818; but this, as well as a proposal to take part in the political management of the "Times" newspaper, were declined by him—the one, because it would have obliged him to live in a great city, the other, because it would have tied him down to a certain line of opinions, to both of which he was equally averse. Southey, indeed, was not an easy man to serve or suit. His constitutional cheerfulness rendered him comparatively indifferent to preferment;

while his love of home, and his inveterate habits of study, indisposed him to change and removal. "The truth is," he said, "that I have found my way in the world, and am in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call me, and for which it has pleased Him to qualify me. At the same time my means are certainly so straitened that I should very gladly obtain an addition to them, if it could be obtained without changing the main stream of my pursuits." By the university of Oxford he was clothed with the highest honor which that learned body can bestow upon a layman—the title of Doctor—of which he made no use, and which "put nothing in his purse." Two other distinctions, of which men of more ambition or of less simplicity and independence would have been proud, he refused—a baronetcy, as inconsistent with his means, and a seat in Parliament, as incompatible with his pursuits. The laureateship, which was conferred on him principally through the intervention of Sir Walter Scott, was a more substantial boon, since it enabled him, by a fresh life-insurance, to make further provision for his family; and the subsequent pension, so gracefully granted and received, at the hands of Sir Robert Peel, might have been a national benefit, had it been given earlier. There is, perhaps, no country in Europe so deficient as England in appropriate provisions for literary men who are not connected with the universities, or who have not taken refuge in the church. Of literature itself the state takes little or no cognizance. It is difficult for contemporaries to gauge its merits; it is still more difficult for a government to apportion its rewards.

For one who travelled late in life, and whom it was so difficult to detach from home, Southey travelled extensively, at least at a time when as yet railways were not, and the diligence and post-wagon retained their aboriginal tardiness. The records of his "trips" are so agreeable, that we cannot help wishing that "to travel and tell his travels had been more of his employment." He was among the crowd of English who hurried to the Continent in 1815; and the "Poet's Pilgrimage to Waterloo" is one of the fruits of his first journey. He had watched the fluctuations of the mighty struggle between Europe and England, and finally between Europe and Napoleon, with all the ardor of his temperament, and hailed its unexpected termination with unbounded and indiscriminating joy. For his prophecies of a triumphant issue he took more than due credit; the inexorable end came to pass indeed, not, however, so much by the standing up of kings, as by the banding together of nations. With the immediate results of the great peace he appears to have been altogether dissatisfied. The world did not revert entirely to the year 1788; and therefore Southey complained that the revolutionary serpent was not killed, but only scotched. Throughout his remarks upon the social and political state of England at this time—from 1816 and for several years afterwards—upon the measures of government as well as upon the tactics of opposition—we can discern little sagacity, little sound information, and even less tolerance and comprehensiveness, than we could imagine possible in a spectator so intelligent and so much in earnest. He indulged in a species of pastoral dream about the superior honesty and happiness of the "*felices agricolæ*;" he feared and hated manufactures; he was opposed to freedom of commerce; he identified dissent with disaffection; he sighed for the church of Laud, and

for the policy of Burleigh and the Tudors. Yet what else could be expected from one whose days were passed with the dead, and who, according to his biographer, "long as he had resided at Keswick, knew scarcely anything of the persons among whom he lived." These remarks must not be thought ungracious: our opinions upon Southey's social and political theories have often been unreservedly expressed; and, in support of them, we appeal to the contrast between his essays upon subjects he understood, and his essays upon subjects on which he only felt. Let readers, who distrust our judgment, compare his papers in the "Quarterly Review," upon "Monastic Institutions, Cemeteries, and the Copyright Act," with his papers on "The Manufacturing System, Parliamentary Reform, and the Rise and Progress of Disaffection," and he will admit—unless we greatly err—that, in political controversy, he had, in Milton's expressive phrase, "the use only of his left hand."

Southey's literary reputation rendered him a welcome and an honored visitant in whatever quarter his continental excursions were directed; but nowhere was he more welcome than in Holland, and in no family more completely domesticated than in that of Bilderdijk, the poet. Mrs. Bilderdijk had translated "Roderick" into her native language, and made its author famous in the Low Countries. Her husband—like Southey himself—was, in his domestic circle, full of life, spirits, and enthusiasm; and, as there is some resemblance in the character of their poetry, so there was a close accordance in the general opinions of the brother bards. An accident, which put a stop to Southey's journey in 1825, and consigned him to the sofa instead of the diligence and packet-boat, tended directly to foster their new friendship. He became an inmate in Bilderdijk's house; was nursed by his fair and accomplished translator; and, in the blooming promise and home-education of her son Lodowijk, saw reflected the image of his own hearth. The learned stores of the hospitable Verbeyst—whose Rhenish was as good as any, and whose beer was the best in the world—furnished the library at Keswick with many ponderous and important recruits; while the letters from Leyden in 1825 are as delightful a picture of a scholar on his travels, as is his general correspondence of his daily life in Cumberland.

We have already alluded to the early working out of Southey's poetical vein; so contrary to the experience of greater poets. After the publication of "Roderick," in 1814, he produced nothing of moment in poetry, and the *Corpus Southeianum*—for so his collected epics might be called—was obscured by the more fervid and genial brilliance of Byron and Moore, of Shelley and Wordsworth. But Southey's poetic spring was succeeded by a long and fruitful season of prose writings; of which some few were comparatively still-born, but many of them survive and will probably last as long as the English language. In his *Life of Nelson*, first published in 1813, he opened, in our opinion, the true vein of his genius—Biography; and, if we were required to perform for his works a service similar to that which the priest and barber rendered to the library of Don Quixote, we would at once rescue from the purgatory flames his *Lives of Nelson, Wesley, and Cowper*. Southey was naturally too voluminous to be safely entrusted with a subject of ample verge and margin. The narrower limits of biography were sal-

utary for his genius. They compelled him to be brief, without denying him the privilege of short excursions and legitimate ornament. His diction too, smooth and rhythmical as it was, was also in a still higher degree colloquial. In anecdotes he delighted, and he told them well: he read character—at least the characters of the dead—acutely, and he delineated it perspicuously; his command of illustrative matter was unbounded, and he framed his portraits with it most skilfully. On these accounts, had he executed his design of continuing Warton's *History of English Poetry*, he would in all respects, except epigrammatic vigor, have probably surpassed "Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*." This is on the supposition—first, that his continuation would have been made on other principles than those which Mackintosh justly censures as having misled him in his "Specimens of the later English Poets"—and, next, that his code of anti-Johnsonian criticism would have been reduced within the bounds of reason.

Of Southey's three historical works, the Narrative of the Peninsular War has long been dead, if, indeed, it can be said to have lived at all. It was constructed on Raleigh's and Howell's plan of perpetually stopping progress to discuss the origin of every place or circumstance he had occasion to introduce. His "Book of the Church" will always be read with pleasure for its style, but cannot be trusted for its assertions. Had it been as impartial as it is picturesque, it would be one of the most delightful of manuals. But the temper in which it is written will satisfy those alone who are predetermined to think Laud in the right, and the Puritans and Long Parliament in the wrong. The *History of "Brazil"* is a performance of far higher merit than either of the fore-mentioned works. Its subject alone is a drawback upon its popularity, for few persons have any special motive for studying the records of a Portuguese settlement in three quarto volumes. The materials on this occasion were collected by his uncle, Herbert Hill, were themselves unrivalled in value, and were accessible at the time to none but the historian. His whole heart was in this book: it was an episode in his long-cherished *History of Portugal*; and the labor of love was discharged with unwonted vigor and alacrity. In his account of the Brazils no political antipathies disturb the genial current of his fancy. He revels in glowing descriptions of the marvels of tropical nature, the picturesque features of savage life, and the chivalrous adventures of the European settlers. The "Colloquies" and the "Doctor" combined display the twofold aspect of Southey's character—its earnest and its sportive side. The earlier of these works has been described by Mr. Macaulay in a former number of this Journal. The latter, besides its odd learning and Shandean turn of speculation, exhibits in the character of the Doves, and in a most graceful love-story, powers which, more sedulously cultivated, might have enrolled their author in the goodly company of British novelists.

We have endeavored to delineate Robert Southey as he lived at Greta Hall, as he appeared to the world, and in his relations to literature. But we must now hasten onward to the mournful and affecting close of his career. His works had enriched various departments of English literature; honors had been lavished upon him by native and foreign universities; and his acquaintance was sought by all who had a respect for learning and a knowledge of his worth. He had indeed drunk

deeply of the cup of affliction, but he had also enjoyed and recognized his enjoyment of no ordinary share of earthly happiness. Death and marriage had, indeed, narrowed the circle at Greta Hall; but his faculties were still unclouded, and his energy was yet unimpaired. He continued to delight in his mountain rambles, in his annual tour, in correspondence and hospitality; and he looked forward, with characteristic cheerfulness, to the completion of the works which he had in hand, and to the accomplishment of literary plans more extensive still. But the cloud which was destined to settle permanently on his intellect began to gather its sombre folds around him in the summer of 1826. In the June of that year, in company with Mr. H. Taylor and Mr. Rickman, he made a short tour in Holland, and revisited the *Bilderdijs* at Leyden. His return to Keswick from all former excursions had been an event of the liveliest interest both to the travellers and to those who remained at home. He was now welcomed with tears and sad anticipations. His youngest daughter, Isabel, was laid on a bed of sickness from which she never rose.

The precarious nature of her husband's income had been the cause of almost life-long anxiety to Mrs. Southey, and it combined with the recurrence of domestic bereavement to undermine her naturally nervous constitution. Keswick, alternately, as we have seen, a lonely and much-visited abode, was considered, in 1834, when her mental malady had reached its crisis, too unquiet a residence for one no longer competent to even family duties; and it became necessary to place her in a lunatic asylum at York. She returned to Keswick, only to die in the bosom of her family. Her mental disorder lasted three years. The afflicted husband sustained with Christian fortitude this last and heaviest trial, but when the necessity for exertion ceased, he had become an altered man. "I feel," he says in one of his letters at this period, "as one of the Siamese twins would do, if the other had died and he had survived the separation." A tour in the West of England in 1837, and a brief excursion into Normandy, Brittany, and Touraine, in the autumn of the following year, were the last of his summer journeys. His fellow-travellers remarked the change which was stealing over him. All his movements were slower; he was liable to frequent fits of absence; his journal, once so minute, was at first irregularly kept, and then laid aside; his clear and compact handwriting became feeble and indistinct, like the early efforts of a child.

With the following anecdote, we shall drop the curtain upon the parting scene of this tragic history. Addison has finely remarked, that Babylon in ruins is not so affecting or so solemn a spectacle as a noble intellect overthrown. In Southey's ashes still lingered their wonted fires:—

One of the plainest signs, (says Mr. Cuthbert Southey,) that his over-wrought mind was completely worn out, was the cessation of his accustomed labors. But while doing nothing, (with him how plain a proof that nothing could be done,) he would frequently anticipate a coming period of his usual industry. His mind, while any spark of its reasoning powers remained, was busy with its old day-dreams—the History of Portugal—the History of the Monastic Orders—the Doctor; all were soon to be taken in hand in earnest, all completed, and new works added to these. For a considerable time after he had ceased to compose, he took pleasure in reading; and the habit continued after the power of comprehension was gone. His dearly-prized books, indeed, were a pleasure to

him almost to the end; and he would walk slowly around his library looking at them, and taking them down mechanically. In the earlier stages of his disorder, (if the term may be fitly applied to a case which was not a perversion of the faculties, but their decay,) he could still converse at times with much of his old liveliness and energy. When the mind was, as it were, set going upon some familiar subject, for a little time you could not perceive much failure; but if the thread was broken, if it was a conversation in which new topics were started, or if any argument was commenced, his powers failed him at once, and a painful sense of this seemed to come over him for the moment. His recollection first failed as to recent events, and his thoughts appeared chiefly to dwell upon those long past; and, as his mind grew weaker, these recollections seemed to recede still further back. Names he could rarely remember, and more than once, when trying to recall one which he felt he ought to know, I have seen him press his hand upon his brow, and sadly exclaim,—"Memory, Memory! where art thou gone?"

In a dark and stormy morning of March, 1843, the mortal remains of Southey were deposited in their final abode, in the churchyard of Crosthwaite. The over-toiled brain, the liberal and capacious heart at length rested in the bosom of the mountain land which he had adopted and loved to the last so well. After life's fitful fever he sleeps well, surrounded by the graves of the children and the wife who had passed away before him. Of the literary contemporaries who eclipsed or equalled his celebrity, Mr. Moore and Mr. Rogers are now, we believe, the sole survivors. A great cycle has nearly closed which a distant and reverent posterity will regard as second only to the Elizabethan era. On that bed-roll of English worthies the name of Robert Southey will be indelibly inscribed.

THE POORER CLASSES IN ENGLAND UNTAXED.—In no country in Europe are the peasant and artisan so free from all enforced taxation as in England. The French peasant pays a salt-tax, a *contribution personnelle et mobilière*; a license-tax; and, if he live in a town, the vexatious and burdensome *octroi*. The German laboring man pays a poll-tax, a class-tax, a trade-tax, and sometimes a meat-tax; and in certain parts an *octroi* also. The English working-man pays no direct taxes whatever. He is taxed only for his luxuries [soap the only exception]; he pays only on the pleasures of the palate; if he chooses to dispense with luxuries, none of which are essential, and few of which are harmless, he dispenses with taxation too; if, on the contrary, he chooses to smoke his pipe and drink his glass, to sip tea from China, and sweeten it with sugar from Jamaica, he at once puts himself into the category of the rich, who can afford these superfluities; he voluntarily steps into the tax-paying class, and forfeits all title to sue or to complain in *forma pauperis*. We are far from wishing to intimate that he should not indulge in all harmless luxuries to the utmost limit that he can afford; but most indisputably, in thus leaving it optional with him whether he will contribute to the revenue or not—and subjecting him to no actual privations if he decline to do so—Parliament is favoring him to an extent which it vouchsafes to no other class in the community, and to which no other land affords a parallel. His earnings are decimated by no income-tax, like those of the clerk; his cottage is subject to no window-tax, like that of the struggling professional aspirant; very generally he does not even contribute to the poor-rate; he pays, like the rich man, to the state only when he chooses to imitate the rich man in his living.—*Edinburgh Review*.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

EAGLES.

The tawny eagle seats his callow brood
 High on the cliffs, and feasts his young with blood;
 On Snowden's rocks or Orkney's wide domain,
 Whose beetling cliffs o'erhang the western main,
 The royal bird his lonely kingdom forms
 Amidst the gathering clouds and sullen storms;
 Through the wide waste of air he darts his sight,
 And holds his sounding pinions poised for flight;
 With cruel eye premeditates the war,
 And marks his destined victim from afar;
 Descending in a whirlwind to the ground,
 His pinions like the rush of waters sound,
 The fairest of the fold he bears away,
 And to his nest compels the struggling prey.

It has been happily remarked that the *Raptors*, or rapacious birds, of which the eagle is the chief, and the Carnivorous animals, have a strong typical resemblance. The dispositions of both are fierce and daring; their frames, strong and sinewy, are suited alike for swift pursuit or powerful action; their sight is remarkably acute; the strong curved and toothed beak of the birds, like the powerful canine teeth of the *felina*, are admirably adapted for tearing; and their claws, large, curved, sharp and retractile, are not less well fitted for holding and lacerating their struggling prey. Again, the general character of both classes is to act as a salutary check upon their production, and to maintain that even balance in the scale of creation which is essential to the well-being of all. The birds of prey, too, like the wolves and hyenas, are of essential service in removing with rapidity dead animal matter, which, by its decomposition, would be hurtful to the living; and we find a happy adaptation to these ends in the numbers and distribution of the different species of the order, the vultures abounding in the fiery heat of the tropics, where putrefaction is most rapid; whilst the smaller falcons keep in check myriads of lizards and other small reptiles which would otherwise be a very pest to more temperate lands.

In the Assyrian monuments, antecedent to the prophet Isaiah, the eagle is continually seen over the heads of the conquerors in battle, and was probably considered typical of victory. In the earliest of these monuments the eagle-headed human figure is one of the most prominent of the sacred types; not only is it found in colossal proportions on the walls, or guarding the portals of the chambers, but it is also constantly represented amongst the groups on the embroidered robes, and is generally seen contending with the human-headed lion or bull, of which it always appears to be the conqueror. It has been suggested that by this is intended to be denoted the superiority of intellect over mere physical strength.

In ancient times, too, the eagle was the favorite standard of the all-conquering Romans; and in modern times the not less adored rallying-point of the troops of Napoleon. Who can forget that scene in the history of Great Britain, upon which, perhaps, its destiny hinged; the ancient British warriors, terrible in aspect, fiercely opposing with horsemen and with their formidable chariots the landing of the invading Romans! Dismayed at the novelty of their position, and encumbered with heavy armor, the veteran troops of Cæsar shrink from the attack; a pause ensues, which is broken by a gallant warrior—he who carried the eagle of the tenth legion, who, first lifting his eyes to heaven, supplicates the gods to be propitious, then, with flashing eyes and gallant mien he exclaims, "Leap, leap, fellow-soldiers, unless you wish to

betray your eagle to the enemy. I, for my part, will perform my duty to the commonwealth and my general!" Then, waving the eagle on high, this leader of a forlorn hope plunges into the waves and dashes towards the enemy; a tremendous shout rends the air, and one and all, burning with eagerness, the Roman soldiers leap into the sea, and, struggling to the shore, join battle with the Britons; but as they can neither keep their footing nor their ranks, it would have gone hard with them had not Cæsar sent help; a fierce and bloody struggle ensues, and Britain becomes a province of Rome!

The following incident, related by Captain Siborne, in his account of the battle of Waterloo, shows the "love unto death" borne by the soldiers of Napoleon to their eagle standard. Towards the conclusion of the battle, when the Prussians had advanced in overwhelming numbers, a portion of the French had been hemmed into a churchyard. The chasseurs of the Old Guard were the last to quit the churchyard, and suffered severely as they retired. Their numbers were awfully diminished, and Pelet, collecting together about two hundred and fifty of them, found himself vigorously assailed by the Prussian cavalry from the moment he quitted the confines of Planchenoit and entered again the plain between the latter and the high-road. At one time, his ranks having opened out too much in the hurry of their retreat, some of the Prussian troops in pursuit, both cavalry and infantry, endeavored to capture the eagle, which, covered with black crape, was carried in the midst of this devoted little band of veterans. Pelet, taking advantage of a spot of ground which afforded them some degree of cover against the fire of grape by which they were constantly assailed, halted the standard-bearer and called out, "*A moi, chasseurs! sauvons l'aigle ou mourons autour d'elle.*" The chasseurs immediately pressed around him, forming what is termed the rallying square, and, lowering their bayonets, succeeded in repulsing the charge of cavalry. Some guns were then brought to bear upon them, and subsequently a brisk fire of musketry, but, notwithstanding the awful sacrifice which was thus offered up in defence of their precious charge, they succeeded in reaching the main line of retreat, favored by the universal confusion, as also by the general obscurity which now prevailed; and thus saved alike the eagle and the honor of the regiment.

There were six species of eagles known to the Romans, who entertained very fanciful notions concerning them. Of the species called *Valeria*, Pliny says, "In all the whole race of the eagles, she alone nourisheth her young birds; for the rest, as we shall hereafter declare, doe beat them away! she only crieth not, nor keepeth a grumbling and huzzing as others doe, and evermore converseth upon the mountains." Of the species called *Boethus* he says, "Subtle she is and wittie; for when she hath seized upon tortoises, and caught them up with her talions, she throweth them down from aloft to break their shells; and it was the fortune of the poet Æschylus to die by such a means. For when he was foretold by wizards, out of their learning, that it was his destiny to die on such a day by something falling on his head, he, thinking to prevent that, got him forth that day into a great open plain, far from house or tree, presuming upon the securitie of the clear and open skie. Howbeit an eagle let fall a tortoise, which light upon his head, dasht out his braines, and laid him asleep forever." A sad warning this to bald-headed gentle-

men! We wonder that the professors of the curling art do not make use of this tragedy to render more general the head-dress so warmly patronized by Major Pendennis. The following touching story, however, almost removes from the eagle race the stigma attaching to them for the death of *Æschylus*. "There hapned a marvellous example about the city *Sestos*, of an eagle. For which in those parts there goes a great name of an eagle, and highly is she honored there. A yong maid had brought up a yong eagle by hand. The eagle again, to requite her kindness, would first, when she was but little, flie abroad a birding, and ever bring part of that she had gotten unto her said nurse. In processe of time, being grown bigger and stronger, would set upon wild beasts also in the forest, and furnish her yong mistresse continually with store of venison. At length it fortuneth that the damoselle died, and when her funeral pire was set a burning, the eagle flew into the midst of it, and there was consumed into ashes with the corps of the said virgin. For which cause, and in memoriall thereof, the inhabitants of *Sestos* and the parts there adjoining, erected in that very place a stately monument."

The perplexity of *Pliny* with respect to the phoenix is highly amusing; he is evidently disposed to treat him with all respect, and to give him a place of distinction among royal birds; but in his own words, "I cannot tell what to make of him: and, first of all, whether it be a tale or no, that there is never but one of them in all the world, and the same not commonly seen. By report he is as big as an eagle; for color as yellow and bright as gold, (namely about the necke,) the rest of the bodie a deep red purple; the tail azure blew, intermingled with feathers among of rose carnation color; and the head bravely adorned with a crest and penach, finely wrought, having a tuft and a plume thereupon, right faire and goodly to be seen. *Manilius*, the noble Roman senatour, right excellently scene in the best kind of learning and litterature, and yet never taught by any, was the first man of the long robe who wrot of this bird at large, and most exquisitely he reporteth that never man was known to see him feeding; that in Arabia he is held a sacred bird, dedicated unto the sun, that he liveth six hundred and sixty years; and when he groweth old, and begins to decay, he builds himselfe with the twigs and branches of the canel or cinnamon and frankincense trees, and when he hath filled it with all sorts of sweet aromaticall spices, yieldeth up his life thereupon. He saith, moreover, that of his bones and marrow there breedeth at first as it were a little worme, which afterwards proveth to be a prettie bird; and the first thing that this young phoenix doth is to performe the obsequies of the former phoenix late deceased; to translate and carry away his whole nest into the citie of the sun neere *Panchæa*, and to bestow it full devoutly there upon the altar *** Brought he was hither to Rome in the time that *Claudius Cæsar* was censor, and shewed openly to be seen in a full hall and generally assmblly of the people as appeareth upon the public records, howbeit no man ever made any doubt but he was a counterfeit phoenix and no better." It were to be wished that this paragon of a dutiful bird rested upon a more solid rock than the myths of ancient history, were it only as an example to mankind.

The eagle's flight is peculiarly expressive of strength and vigor; he wends his way with deliberate strong strokes of his powerful wing, every

stroke apparently driving him on a considerable distance, and in this manner he advances through the air as rapidly as the pigeon or any other bird which may appear to fly much more quickly: velocity of flight, it may be remarked, generally depends upon the rapidity with which the strokes of the wings succeed each other; a simple downward stroke would only tend to raise the bird in the air. To carry it forwards the wings require to be moved in an oblique plane, so as to strike backwards as well as downwards; the turning in flight is principally effected by an inequality in the vibration of the wings. The rapidity with which a strong bird of prey flies in pursuit of his quarry is inconceivably great; the flight of a hawk is calculated at one hundred and fifty miles an hour, and the anecdote of the falcon belonging to *Henry IV.* of France, which flew in one day from *Fontainebleau* to *Malta*, a distance of thirteen hundred and fifty miles, is well authenticated.

Notwithstanding the facility with which he flies, when once fairly launched, a very slight wound disables the eagle from rising into the air when on level ground. Even after having gorged himself to excess, (and there is no greater glutton than this king of the air,) the eagle is unable to rise, and falls a victim occasionally to his want of moderation in feeding. In *Sutherlandshire*, *Mr. St. John* twice fell in with instances of eagles being knocked down when unable to fly from over-eating. A dumb eccentric character killed one with a stick; and in the other instance a shepherd-boy found an eagle gorging itself on some drowned sheep in a water-course, and being, like all herd-boys, as skilful as *David* in the use of sling and stone, he broke the eagle's pinion with a pebble, and actually stoned the poor bird to death. In this case the eagle was taken at peculiar disadvantage, being surprised in a deep, rocky burn, out of which he would have had difficulty in rising quickly even if he had not dined so abundantly.

An eagle had been caught in a vermin-trap, and by his struggles had drawn the peg by which the trap was fastened to the ground, and had flown away with it. Nothing was seen for some weeks of eagle or trap, till one day a sportsman seeing some strange object hanging from a branch of a tree, went to examine what it was, and found the bird hanging by his leg, which was firmly held by the trap. The chain and peg had got fixed among the branches, and the poor bird had died miserably from starvation, suspended by the foot.

In Scotland, advantage is taken of the difficulty attending the rise of the eagle from level ground, to catch him in the following manner. Some desert place, frequented by eagles, is selected, and four walls are built like those of a hut, an opening being left at the foot large enough to allow the bird's walking in and out. To the outside of this opening a strong cord with a running noose is fixed; all being so arranged, a dead sheep or other carrion is thrown into the inclosure. This is eagerly attacked by the eagle, who gorges himself to excess, and becomes half-stupefied; he does not attempt to rise into the air, but walks out of the opening; the running noose soon catches him round the neck as a hare is caught in a spring, and his own struggles do the rest.

Some years ago, in *Nottinghamshire*, a groom was exercising a horse in the early morning, when a terrier which was with him put up from a crouch a magnificent eagle, which flew slowly over the hedge into the adjoining field pursued by the dog, who

came up with and attacked it before it could fairly rise; a fierce struggle ensued, but the dog, though severely bitten, maintained his hold, and the bird, which measured eight feet across the wings, was eventually secured. He, too, was captured from having over-indulged in the luxury of carrion.

The late amiable Bishop of Norwich, whose enthusiasm as a naturalist is well known, gives from observation the following account of a golden eagle as seen in his native wilds. Whilst climbing some high precipices, near a great waterfall, in the volcanic district of Auvergne, there arose above the roar of the waters a short shrill cry, coming as it were from the clouds; on looking in the direction whence it came, a small dark speck was seen moving steadily onwards; it was a golden eagle, evidently coming from the plain countries below. As he came nearer he seemed to float or sail in mid-air, only occasionally gently flapping his wings as if to steady him. Though when first seen he was at the distance of a full mile, in less than a minute he was within gun-shot, and the observer having concealed himself, the bird looked round once or twice, darted down his legs, and alighted on a rock within a few yards of him. For a moment the eagle gazed about with his sharp bright eyes, as if to assure himself that all was safe, then, for a few moments more, nestled his head beneath one of his expanded wings, and appeared to plume himself. Having done this he stretched out his neck and looked keenly and wistfully towards the quarter of the heavens whence he came, and uttered a few rapid screams; then stamping with his feet he protruded his long, hooked talons, at the same time snapping his beak with a sharp noise like the cracking of a whip. There he remained for about ten minutes, manifesting great restlessness, when suddenly he seemed to hear or see something, and immediately rising from the rock, floated away to meet his mate now seen approaching. After soaring in a circle they went away and were no more seen.

Fierce and wild as the golden eagle generally is, instances have occurred in which it has been thoroughly tamed. Captain Green, of Buckden, in Huntingdonshire, had in his possession a splendid bird of this description, which he had himself trained to take hares and rabbits. Another instance is known of an eagle captured in Ireland after it had attained maturity, which speedily became domesticated and firmly attached to the place where it was fed, to which it always returned though perfectly at liberty. Its wings had, indeed, been cut when first brought thither, but they were allowed to grow again; and this magnificent bird on recovering the use of them would repeatedly soar away and absent itself for a fortnight or three weeks. It became very much attached to those who were in the habit of feeding or caressing it. On its first arrival it had been placed in a garden situated in a slope overhanging a lake; a shed had been built for its accommodation, but it generally preferred a perch of its own selection—the branch of a large apple-tree which grew out nearly in a horizontal position from the stem. Its food was chiefly crows, which were shot for it; sometimes it attempted to procure them for itself, but never successfully, as their agility in turning short and rapidly, enabled them to elude its superior strength of wing; latterly, therefore, it contented itself with eying them wistfully as they flew or perched securely over its head. It was never suspected of committing any havoc among the sheep or lambs in

the adjoining fields, but now and then, when from some accident it had not been regularly supplied with its accustomed food, it would seize upon and kill young pigs. Children, who constantly met it as it walked about the garden, were never molested; but on one occasion it attacked its master with some violence, in consequence, it was supposed, of his having neglected to bring it some bread or other food it was accustomed to receive from his hand. At length, after having lived nearly twelve years in this way, this interesting bird was killed by a ferocious mastiff; no one saw the battle, but it must have been long and bravely contested, for the dog, though victorious, was so severely wounded that it died almost immediately afterwards.

Until the young eagles are fully able to fly and maintain themselves, the old birds keep them supplied with provisions most abundantly. Smith, in his "History of Kerry," relates that a poor man in that county got a comfortable subsistence for his family, during a famine, by robbing an eagle's nest of the food brought for the eaglets, whose period of helplessness he protracted by clipping their wings; but the most curious account of one of these eagle-nest larders is related by a gentleman who was visiting at a friend's house in Scotland, near which was a nest, which for several summers two eagles had occupied. It was on a rock, and within a few yards of it was a stone about six feet long, and nearly as broad, and upon this stone almost constantly, but always when they had young, there were to be found, grouse, partridges, hares, rabbits, ducks, snipes, rats, mice, and sometimes kids, fawns, and lambs. When the eaglets were able to hop the length of this stone, the eagles often brought hares and rabbits alive, and, placing them before their young, taught them to kill and tear them to pieces, just as a cat teaches its kittens to kill mice. Sometimes, it seems, the hares got off from the young ones whilst they were amusing themselves with them, and one day a rabbit escaped into a hole where the old eagle could not find it. Another day, a young fox cub was brought, which, after it had fought well and desperately bitten the young ones, attempted to make its escape up the hill, and would probably have succeeded, had not a shepherd, who was watching the motions of the eagles with a view to shoot them, prevented it. As the eagles kept what might be called such an excellent store-house, the gentleman said that, whenever visitors came unexpectedly, he was in the habit of sending his servants to see what his neighbors the eagles had to spare, and that they scarcely ever returned without some dainty dishes, all the better for being rather high.

When the hen-eagle was hatching, the table was kept well furnished for her use, and her attentive mate generally tore a wing from a bird, or a leg from a hare with which he supplied her. These birds were very faithful to one another, and would never permit even their young to build anywhere near them.

The marten and wild cat are favorite morsels with eagles. A tame one, which Mr. St. John kept for some time, killed all the cats about the place. Sitting motionless on his perch, he waited quietly, and seemingly unheeding, till the unfortunate animal came within reach of his chain; then down he flew, and, enveloping the cat with his wings, seized her in his powerful talons, with one foot planted firmly on her loins, and the other on her throat, and nothing more was seen of poor Grimal-

kin, except her skin, which the eagle left empty, and turned inside out, like a rabbit skin hung up by the cook; the whole of the carcass, bones and all, being stowed away in the bird's capacious maw.

Mr. Thomson, an eminent naturalist of Ireland, was once out hunting among the Belfast mountains, when suddenly an eagle appeared above the hounds as they came to fault on the ascent in Devis; presently they came on the scent again, and were in full cry, the eagle hovering above them, when suddenly he dashed forward, and carried off the hare from under the very noses of the dogs. Mr. St. John has seen an eagle pounce on a pack of grouse, and with outspread wings so puzzle and confuse them, that he seized and made off with two or three, before the others, or, indeed, the sportsmen, recovered from their astonishment. The golden eagle has been seen in Sicily to hunt in couples; one of the birds would make a loud rustling by a violent beating of its wings against bushes and shrubs, whilst the other remained in ambush at a short distance, watching for anything that might appear; if a rabbit or hare was driven out, it was immediately pounced upon, and the prey thus obtained was shared between the depredators.

Eagles are said to be very long-lived. One that died in Vienna was stated to have lived in confinement one hundred and four years. From the great value attached by the North American Indians to an eagle's plume, which is considered equivalent in value to a fine horse, their hunters are continually on the look-out to catch or to kill these birds. Sometimes a hole is dug, and slightly covered, and there buried, as it were, an Indian will remain for days together, with a bird on his hand as a lure for the eagle; at other times the carcass of a deer is displayed, and the indefatigable hunter will watch, rifle in hand, with equal patience in some neighboring place of concealment, until his perseverance is rewarded with success.

A story is current on the plains of Saskatchewan, of a half-bred Indian, who was vaunting his prowess before a band of his countrymen, and wished to impress them with a belief of his supernatural and necromantic powers. In the midst of his florid harangue an eagle was observed suspended in the air directly over his head, upon which, pointing aloft with his dagger, which glistened brightly in the sun, he called upon the royal bird to come down. To his utter amazement, and to the consternation of the surrounding Indians, the eagle seemed to obey the charm, for, instantly shooting down with the velocity of an arrow, he impaled himself on the point of the glittering weapon, which had, of course, been the object of attraction.

The distinguishing mark of a chieftain in the Highland clans was an eagle's feather in the bonnet; and among the North American Indians, the same ornament is esteemed in the highest degree. The young Indian "brave" glories in his eagle's plume, as the emblem of might and courage, and regards it as the most honorable decoration with which he can adorn himself. In 1734, Tomochichi King of the Yammacrows, and several other Indian chiefs, arrived in England, and were introduced to George II., at Kensington; on that occasion, Tomochichi presented to his majesty a gift of eagles' plumes, being the most respectful gift he could offer, and concluded an eloquent speech in these words—"These are the feathers of the eagle, which is the swiftest of birds, and who flieth all round our nations. These feathers are a sign of peace in our land, and we have brought them over

to leave them with you, oh! great king, as a sign of everlasting peace."

The eagle feathers are also attached to the calumets, or smoking-pipes, used in the celebration of their most solemn festivals; hence the bird has obtained the name of the "Calumet Eagle."

In some parts, eagles play sad havoc with the young lambs, and occasionally with the herds also. That there is foundation for the following statement made by Mr. Regnard, there can be no doubt, but, like the old tale of the gigantic Patagonians, it has not lost by repetition. The worthy traveller says, "There are also some birds which carry on a destructive warfare with the reindeer, and among the rest, the eagle is extremely fond of the flesh of this animal. In this country, great numbers of eagles are to be found, of such an astonishing size, that they often seize upon, with their claws, the young reindeer of three or four months old, and lift them up in this manner to their nests, at the tops of the highest trees. This particular immediately appeared to me very doubtful, but so true is it that the guard employed to watch the young reindeer, is only used for this very purpose. All the Laplanders have given me the same information; and the Frenchman, who was our interpreter, assured me that he had seen many examples of it, and that having one day followed an eagle which carried a young reindeer from its mother's side to its own nest, he cut the tree at the foot, and that the half of the animal had already been eaten by the young ones. He seized the young eagles, and made the same use of them which they made of his young deer, namely, he ate them; their flesh was pretty good, but black, and somewhat insipid."

It would seem that in the Orkney islands there were persons who professed to have the power, by means of a sort of incantation, of causing the plunderers to abandon their spoils; of which the following amusing account is given by Brand, who visited the Orkneys towards the end of the seventeenth century.

"There are," says the writer, "many eagles which destroy their lambs, fowls, &c., for the preventing of which, some, when they see the eagles catching, or fleeing away with their prey, use a charm by taking a string whereon they cast some knots, and repeat a form of words, which being done, the eagle lets her prey fall, though at a great distance from the charmer; an instance of which I had from a minister, who told me that about a month before we came to Zetland, there was an eagle that flew up with a cock at Scalloway, which one of these charmers seeing, presently took a string, (her garter, it is supposed,) and casting some knots thereupon with using the ordinary words, the eagle did let the cock fall into the sea, which was recovered by a boat that went out for that end."

In the Shetlands the skua gull is held in particular regard by the natives, as from the inveterate hostility borne by them to the eagle and raven, the great enemies of the lambs, they serve as valuable protectors to these defenceless animals. No sooner does the eagle emerge from his eyrie amid the cliffs than the skua descend upon him in bodies of three and four, and soon cause him to beat a precipitate retreat. An eye-witness describes such a scene; an eagle was returning to his eyrie in the western crags of Foula, and, contrary to his usual wary custom, was making a short cut by crossing an angle of land; not a bird was discernible, but suddenly the majestic flight of the eagle ceased, and

he descended hurriedly, as if in the act of pouncing; in a moment five or six of the skua cleft the air with astonishing velocity; their wings were partly closed and perfectly steady, and as they thus shot through the air they soon came up with the eagle, and a desperate engagement ensued. The skua never ventured to attack the enemy in front, but taking a short circle around him, until his head and tail were in a direct line, the gull made a desperate stoop, and, striking the eagle on the back, darted up again almost perpendicularly, and fell to the rear. Three or four of these birds passing in quick succession harassed the eagle most unmercifully; the engagement continued to the decided disadvantage of the eagle, till the whole were lost in the rocks.

There are many instances on record of infants being carried away by the larger birds of prey, and, in fact, there is scarcely a district infested by them which has not some tale of the sort. The following is contained in the first volume of the "*Monasticon Anglicanum*," and may possibly have been founded on fact, though probably embellished by the ancient chronicler:—

"Alfred, King of the West Saxons, went out one day a hunting, and, passing by a certain wood, heard, as he supposed, the cry of an infant from the top of a tree, and forthwith diligently inquired of the huntsmen what that doleful sound could be, and commanded one of them to climb the tree; when in the top of it was found an eagle's nest, and lo! therein a pretty, sweet-faced infant, wrapped up in a purple mantle, and upon each arm a bracelet of gold, a clear sign that he was born of noble parents. Whereupon the king took charge of him, and caused him to be baptized, and because he was found in a nest he gave him the name of Nestingum, and in after time, having nobly educated him, he advanced him to the dignity of an earl."

The crest of the Stanley family is an eagle preying upon a child, the origin of which is said by Dugdale, in his "*Baronage of England*," to be as follows:—

"A certain Thomas de Lathom had an illegitimate son, called Oskytel, and having no child by his own lady, he designed to adopt this Oskytel for his heir, but so that he himself might not be suspected for his father. Observing therefore that an eagle had built his nest in a large spread oak within his park at Lathom, he caused the child in swaddling clothes to be privily conveyed thither; and (as a wonder) presently called forth his wife to see it, representing to her that, having no male issue, God Almighty had thus sent him a male child; and so preserved that he looked upon it as a miracle, disguising the truth so artificially from her that she forthwith took him with great fondness into the house, educating him with no less affection than if she had been his natural mother, whereupon he became heir to that fair inheritance. And that in token thereof not only his descendants, while the male line endured, but the Stanleys proceeding from the said *Isabel*, have ever since borne the *child in the eagle's nest with the eagle thereon* for their crest."

This, by the way, recalls to our mind a curious passage in that venerable book, Guillim's "*Display of Heraldry*," which alludes to a circumstance probably known to few of our readers:—

"It is related that the old eagles make a proof of their young by exposing them against the sunbeams, and such as cannot steadily behold the brightness are cast forth as unworthy to be acknowl-

edged their offsprings. In which respect William Rufus, king of this land, gave for his device an eagle looking against the sun, with this word *perfero*, (I endure it,) to signify that he was not in the least degenerated from his puissant father the Conqueror."

A deplorable circumstance occurred in Sweden, which has become matter of tradition from its melancholy interest. A young and blooming mother, whilst occupied in the fields, had laid her first-born, the pride of her heart, on the ground at a short distance from her; the babe was tranquilly sleeping, when suddenly a huge eagle swooped down and carried him off in his talons. In vain the mother pursued with frantic cries; in vain she implored aid from others; for a considerable time the screams of the poor infant were heard, but they gradually became fainter and fainter in the distance, and the wretched mother saw her child no more. The shock was too much—her reason left its seat, and she, the pride and ornament of the village, became the inmate of a lunatic asylum! On a high-pointed pinnacle of inaccessible rock near the summit of the Jung Frau, one of the loftiest Alps, there were long to be seen fluttering in the breeze the tattered remains of the clothing of an infant which had been carried thither and leisurely devoured by a l  mmergeyer.

It is pleasant, however, to find that in some instances these fierce marauders are punished for their temerity, of which a striking example occurred in the parish of St. Ambrose, near New York. Two boys, aged respectively seven and five, were amusing themselves by trying to reap while their parents were at dinner. A large eagle soon came sailing over them, and, with a sudden swoop, attempted to seize the eldest, but missed his aim; the bird, not at all dismayed, alighted at a short distance, and in a few moments repeated the attack; the bold little fellow, however, gallantly defended himself with the sickle, and when the bird rushed at him, resolutely struck at it; the sickle entered under the wing, went through the ribs and laid the bird dead. On opening its stomach it was found entirely empty, which may explain such an unusually bold attack.

A gamekeeper was on the moors in Scotland, when he observed an eagle rise from the ground with something he had seized as his prey; for a time he flew steadily, but suddenly became agitated, fluttered for a time, spired upwards in a straight line to a vast height, then, ceasing to flap his wings, he fell headlong to the ground. Struck with so unaccountable an occurrence the man hastened to the spot, and found the eagle quite dead, with a wounded stoat struggling by his side; the stoat, when in the air, had fixed himself on his assailant's throat, and completely turned the tables on him.

Eagles, if they can take a fine fish at a disadvantage, will not hesitate to vary their diet; but unexpected difficulties sometimes arise and prevent their enjoyment of the little treat, of which a pleasant story is told by Brand, as having happened off the Orkney Islands.

"About six years since, an eagle fell down on a turbot sleeping on the surface of the water, on the east side of Brassa; and having fastened his claws on her, he attempted to fly up; but the turbot awakening, and being too heavy for him to fly up with, endeavored to draw him down beneath the water. Thus they struggled for some time, the eagle laboring to go up, and the turbot to go down, till a boat that was near to them and beheld the

sport, took them both, selling the eagle to the Hollanders then in the country."

An instance of the boldness of eagles is mentioned by Mr. Lear, in his very interesting "Journal of a Landscape Painter." When sketching the formidable fortress of Khimára in Albania, there came two old women with the hope of selling some fowls, which they incautiously left on a ledge of rock just above their heads, whilst they discussed the terms of the purchase with Anastásio, Mr. Lear's dragoman. When behold! two superb eagles suddenly floated over the abyss—and—pounce—carried off each his hen; the unlucky *galinæ* screaming vainly as they were transported by unwelcome wings to the inaccessible crags on the far side of the ravine where young eagles and destiny awaited them.

Near Jóánnina, Mr. Lear saw jays and storks and vultures in vast numbers. Owing to a disease among the lambs, the birds of prey had gathered together, and a constant stream of these harpies passed from the low grounds to the rocks above. One hundred and sixty were counted on one spot, and, as with outstretched necks and wings they soared and wheeled, their appearance was very grand.

One of the most surprising facts connected with birds of prey is that wonderful acuteness of vision which enables the eagle, for example, when soaring in the clouds to discern, and to pounce with unerring precision on so small an object as a grass upon the ground. When looking for its prey, the eagle sails in large circles, with its tail spread out and its wings scarcely moving. Thus it soars aloft in a spiral course, its gyrations becoming less and less perceptible until it dwindles to a mere speck, and is at length lost to view; when suddenly it reappears, rushing down like lightning, and carries off in its talons some unhappy prey; the raptorial birds are, however, endowed with a very beautiful modification of the eye in relation to this power of vision. The globe is surrounded with a circle of bony plates, slightly moving on each other, whereby its form is maintained, and the muscles at the back of the eye are so arranged that by their pressure the front of that organ can be rendered more prominent than is ever seen in Mammalia, or they can be quite relaxed, and the front of the eye rendered nearly flat. The first condition fits it for discerning near objects, the second endows it with telescopic sight, by the peculiar adaptation of the refractive media, and is that which exists when the bird is hovering on high.

The Bald eagle, the emblem of America, is remarkable for his great partiality to fish, and his superior strength enables him to turn the industry of the osprey to his own account, by robbing it of its prey. The following spirited description of such a scene is from the pen of the poet-naturalist, Wilson. "Elevated on the high dead limb of some gigantic tree, that commands a wide view of the neighboring shore and ocean, he seems calmly to contemplate the motions of the various feathered tribes that pursue their busy avocations below; the snow-white gulls slowly winnowing the air; the busy tringæ coursing along the sands; trains of ducks streaming over the surface; silent and watchful cranes, intent and wading; clamorous crows, and all the winged multitudes that subsist by the bounty of this vast liquid magazine of Nature. High over all these hovers one whose action instantly arrests all his attention. By his wide curvature of wing, and sudden suspension in the

air, he knows him to be the fish-hawk, settling over some devoted victim of the deep. His eye kindles at the sight, and balancing himself with half-opened wings on the branch, he watches the result. Down, rapid as an arrow from heaven, descends the object of his attention; the roar of its wings reaching the ear as he disappears in the deep, making the surges foam around! at this moment the eager look of the eagle is all ardor, and, levelling his neck for flight, he sees the fish-hawk once more emerge, struggling with his prey, and mounting in the air with screams of exultation. These are the signal for our hero, who, launching into the air, instantly gives chase, and soon gains on the fish-hawk; each exerts his utmost to mount above the other, displaying in these rencounters the most sublime aerial evolutions. The unencumbered eagle rapidly advances, and is just on the point of reaching his opponent, when, with a sudden scream, probably of despair and honest excretion, the latter drops his fish; the eagle, poisoning himself for a moment, as if to take a more certain aim, descends like a whirlwind, snatches it in his grasp ere it reaches the water, and bears his ill-gotten booty silently away to the woods."

The awful gulf into which the waters tumble at the Horse-shoe Fall of Niagara, is a favorite resort of the eagles. They may be seen sailing about in the mist which rises from the turbulent waters, with an ease and elegance of motion almost sublime.

High o'er the watery uproar silent seen,
Sailing sedate in majesty serene,
Now midst the pillared spray sublimely lost,
And now emerging, down the rapids tost,
Glides the bald eagle, gazing calm and slow
O'er all the horrors of the scene below,
Intent alone to sate himself with blood
From the torn victims of the raging flood.

The attraction that leads these birds to the Falls, is the swollen carcasses swept down the river, and precipitated over the cataract. Wilson saw an eagle seated on a dead horse, keeping a whole flock of vultures at a distance till he had satisfied himself; and, on another occasion, when thousands of tree-squirrels had been drowned in their migration across the Ohio, and hosts of vultures had collected, the sudden appearance of a bald eagle sent them all off, and the eagle kept sole possession for many days.

Notwithstanding the poetical description we have quoted from the pen of Wilson, it is to be feared that the bald eagle is but a reprobate, and too well deserves the following character, given to it by the celebrated Benjamin Franklin:—

"For my part (says he) I wish the bald eagle had not been chosen as the representative of our country. He is a bird of bad moral character; he does not get his living honestly. You may have seen him perched on some dead tree, where, too lazy to fish for himself, he watches the labors of the fishing-hawk; and when that diligent bird has at length taken a fish, and is bearing it to its nest for the support of his mate and young ones, the bald eagle pursues him and takes it from him. With all this injustice he is never in good case, but, like those among men who live by sharpening and robbing, he is generally poor, and often very lousy. Besides, he is a rank coward; the little king-bird, not bigger than a sparrow, attacks him boldly and drives him out of the district. He is, therefore, by no means a proper emblem for the

brave and honest Cincinnati of America, who have driven all the *king-birds* from our country; though exactly fit for that order of knights which the French call *chevaliers d'industrie*."

These bald eagles are, indeed, sad thieves, not confining themselves to fish or such small deer. Mr. Gardiner, of Long Island, saw one flying with a lamb ten days old, and, by hallooing and gesticulating, caused the bird to drop it, but the back was broken. The same gentleman shot one seven feet from tip to tip of the wings, which was so fierce, that when attacked by a dog it fastened his claws into his head, and was with difficulty disengaged. Another case is on record, when one of these eagles pounced upon a strong tom-cat and flew away, but puss offered such a vigorous resistance with his teeth and claws, that a regular battle took place in the air; at length, tired of struggling, and extremely incommoded by the claws of the cat, the eagle descended to the earth, where the battle continued, but was terminated by some men who captured both combatants, much the worse for wear.

In new Jersey, a woman weeding in her garden had set her child down near, when a sudden rush and a scream from the infant alarmed her, and, starting up, she beheld the child being dragged along the ground by a huge eagle. Happily the frock, in which the bird's talons were fixed, gave way, and, alarmed by the outcry of the mother, he did not offer to renew the attack, but flew away.

The chief redeeming feature in the character of the bald eagle is its love for its young. During the process of clearing a piece of land, fire was set to a large dead pine tree, in which was an eagle's nest and young; the tree being on fire more than half way up, and the flames rapidly ascending, the parent eagle darted around and among them until her plumage was so much scorched that it was with difficulty she could escape, and even then attempted several times to return to her offspring's assistance.

Dr. Richardson relates an adventure which befell him, showing the determination with which the gyrfalcon will also defend its offspring. "In the middle of June, 1821," says he, "a pair of these birds attacked me as I was climbing in the vicinity of their nest, which was built on a lofty precipice on the borders of Point Lake. They flew in circles, uttering loud and harsh screams, and alternately stooping with such velocity that their motion through the air produced a loud rushing noise. They struck their claws within an inch or two of my head, and I endeavored, by keeping the barrel of my gun close to my cheek, and suddenly elevating the muzzle when they were in the act of striking, to ascertain whether they had the power of instantaneously changing the direction of their rapid course, and found that they invariably rose above the obstacle, with the quickness of thought, showing equal acuteness of vision and power of motion."

To those who know how low in the scale of intelligence the Marsupial animals rank, it is not very flattering to the dignity of the lords of the creation to find that we have been at times confounded with them, even by so keen-sighted and quick-witted a bird as an eagle. An anecdote related by Captain Flinders, is an amusing illustration of such a blunder, which must, by the way, have sorely perplexed the birds; the scene is laid on "Thistles Island."

"In our way up the hills to take a commanding station for the survey, a speckled yellow snake lay

asleep before us. By pressing the butt-end of a musket on his neck I kept him down, whilst Mr. Thistle, with a sail-needle and twine, sewed up his mouth, and he was taken on board alive for the naturalist to examine. We were proceeding onward with our prize when a white eagle, with fierce aspect and outspread wing, was seen bounding towards us, but stopping short at twenty yards off, he flew up into a tree. Another bird of the same kind discovered himself by making a motion to pounce down upon us as we passed underneath; and it seemed evident they took us for kangaroos, having probably never before seen an upright animal in the island of any other species. These birds sit watching in the trees, and, should a kangaroo come out to feed in the day time, it is seized and torn to pieces by these voracious creatures."

The following lines by Southey, elegantly advert to a myth of the ancients, which obscurely shadows forth that transition which human nature is destined to undergo in our progress from one condition of existence to another. Like the bird, we shall leave behind us, in this world, all that is gross, impure, and perishable; and, as she is fabled to rise from the waters, so we hope to rise from the earth, purified, glorified, and immortal.

Even as the eagle, (ancient storyers say,)

When faint with years she feels her flagging wing,
Soars up toward the mid-sun's piercing ray,
Then filled with fire, into some living spring
Plunges, and casting there her ancient plumes,
The vigorous strength of primal youth resumes.

The United States Quarterly Post Office Guide, No. 1.—This is the title of a neatly-printed periodical volume, of 354 pages, published by D. Appleton & Co., New York, and compiled by Eli Bowen, late of the General Post Office. It is designed to exhibit a comprehensive view of the mail system of the United States in all its intricate and complicated details, and contains an amount of information on the subject nowhere else attainable in a single volume. For instance, it comprises a history of the Post Office system throughout the world, with an exposition of its leading features and characteristics in each country respectively; a review of the United States system in all its features, with a digest of the Acts of Congress, decisions of the department, &c.; and an exposition of the scheme of distribution, with a County Map of the United States; rates of inland and foreign postage, and the incidental relations thereof; miscellaneous statistics, items and instructions; a list of all the Post Offices in the United States, with the county, state, and postmaster's name; a list of all the mail, railroad, canal, and steamboat routes in the United States; and a variety of other particulars too numerous to mention. The work is inscribed to Henry Clay, and can be obtained of Redding & Co. Price \$1.

WORKMEN are employed at present in repairing the cases containing the orange-trees of the Tuileries garden. These trees are of great age, some going back as far as seven hundred years, and the youngest three hundred. Every twenty years the earth in each case is changed, and during the three following years they appear sickly. They then acquire fresh strength, and throw out an immense quantity of blossoms. It is this periodical change of nourishment which has led to their longevity.—*Galignani's Messenger*.

* "A Voyage to Terra Australis, vol. 1., p. 138."

From the Spectator.

LIFE OF CHALMERS, VOL. III.*

THIS third volume of the *Life and Writings of Dr. Chalmers* abounds in curious and entertaining matter, but scarcely equals its predecessors in variety and interest, at least to readers unacquainted with the man and not familiar with the topics which tasked his energies. Some part of this falling-off was a necessity. The personal training, the up-hill struggles, were over; the character of Chalmers was developed, his principles formed, his fame established; there was no more of that progress which is essential to interest in biography, as to happiness in life; luckily, there were none of those reverses in fortune or lapses in conduct which "point a moral or adorn a tale." Some of the falling-off, however, is to be ascribed to the selection of subjects and to exuberant treatment. The volume deals more with public events than with personal life, and is as much a history of certain public affairs in which Dr. Chalmers took a prominent part as a biography proper. Both these features, also, are exhibited too fully; the public accounts passing into daily news, and the extracts from the journals and letters dwelling upon commonplace circumstances or running too much into mere correspondence—save for the followers of the great Presbyterian preacher and leader, and those who had "seen his face."

Though this is the general character of the volume, large portions of it possess considerable attractions. The broad, catholic and grand, yet simple character of Chalmers, is forcibly brought out, mixed with certain weaknesses, that rather detract from the critical estimate than impair the geniality; nay, perhaps increase it, by bringing down the Calvinist orator to the common level of humanity. A manuscript volume of "Reminiscences" by John Joseph Gurney, with the letters or journals of Chalmers himself written during some tours in England, one of which was a sort of pilgrimage to the different cathedrals, are full of interest, and interest of a biographical kind. Friend Gurney's dialogues have much characteristic matter, selected with discrimination, reported with dramatic spirit, and with dramatic directions, the *asides*, &c., skilfully treated. Chalmers' own letters, written in the form of a journal to his family during his English tours, handle an infinite variety of subjects, and combine in a curious degree the attraction of travels and biography. The places he visits, the persons he meets, the incidents that occur, are not only remarkable in themselves, and have the double peculiarity of being English and looked at by an eye to whom the national part of them is strange yet not foreign; they also bring out the characteristics of Chalmers in a high degree. His wide love of nature—his peculiar taste, fastidious, yet ready to be pleased with the homeliest things if not vulgar—his strong good sense—his quiet humor, and his love of a joke—together with sundry little weaknesses of vanity or prejudice—give raciness to descriptions or remarks that have much interest in themselves, especially when eminent persons are the topic. Both Coleridge and Irving

are among the men of mark who are noticed; and Chalmers was not greatly taken with the longwindedness of either.

Thursday.—Irving and I went to Bedford Square. Mr. and Mrs. Montague took us out in their carriage to Highgate, where we spent three hours with the great Coleridge. He lives with Dr. and Mrs. Gilman on the same footing that Cowper did with the Unwins. His conversation, which flowed in a mighty unrelenting stream, is most astonishing, but, I must confess, to me still unintelligible. I caught occasional glimpses of what he would be at, but mainly he was very far out of all sight and all sympathy. I hold it, however, a great acquisition to have become acquainted with him. You know that Irving sits at his feet, and drinks in the inspiration of every syllable that falls from him. There is a secret and to me as yet unintelligible communion of spirit betwixt them, on the ground of a certain German mysticism and transcendental Lake poetry, which I am not yet up to. Gordon [the Reverend Dr. Gordon of Edinburgh] says it is all unintelligible nonsense; and I am sure a plain Fife man, as uncle "Tammas," had he been alive, would have pronounced it the greatest *buff* he had ever heard in his life.

This passage on the same quality in Irving is from Mr. Gurney's manuscript. Chalmers speaks.

I undertook to open Irving's new chapel in London. The congregation, in their eagerness to obtain seats, had already been assembled about three hours. Irving said he would assist me by reading a chapter for me in the first instance. He chose the very longest chapter in the Bible, and went on with his exposition for an hour and a half. When my turn came, of what use could I be in an exhausted receiver? On another similar occasion he kindly proffered me the same aid, adding "I can be short." I said, "How long will it take you?" He answered, "*Only one hour and forty minutes.*" Then, replied I, I must decline the favor.

CRAIG. My friend, Mr. P. invited a party to supper. Some of his guests had three miles to walk after the meal. But *before* its commencement, Mr. P. requested Irving, who was one of the party, to read the Bible and expound. He began and continued a discourse, which manifested not even a tendency towards termination until midnight. The supper was of course either burnt up or grown cold. When the clock struck twelve, Mr. P. tremblingly and gently suggested to him that it might be desirable to draw to a close. "Who art thou," he replied with prophetic energy, "who dares to interrupt the man of God in the midst of his administrations?" He pursued his commentary for some time longer, then closed the book, and, waving his long arm over the head of his host, uttered an audible and deliberate prayer that his offence might be forgiven.

In politics Chalmers ought to have been "a whig and something more;" but whig pranks and practices kept him in the ranks of the conservatives. He was averse to the reform bill, less for what it altered (though he thought it went too far) than for the promises of human improvement its authors held out. He was disgusted by the shuffling of the whigs in reference to church extension in Scotland; which they encouraged till they found the dissenting interest was strong enough to be troublesome, and then they handed the subject to commissioners, whom they chose unfairly. His taste, too, though the reverse of exclusive, revolted from the low and vulgar. He gives this recipe for making a tory.

Speaking of politics, you have heard me say that a man of refinement and education won't travel

* *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Thomas Chalmers, D. D., LL. D.* By his Son-in-law, the Rev. William Hanna, LL. D. Volume III. Published by Hamilton and Adams, London; and by Sutherland and Knox, Edinburgh; and reprinted by Harper and Brothers, New York.

through England on the tops of coaches without becoming a tory. My toryism has been further confirmed this day. There was a Quakeress girl, with a still younger companion, travelling from their boarding-school home—and this was all well enough; but there were also the feeders and woolstaplers of the West Riding, fat and unintelligent, with only purpy and vesicular projections on each side of their chins, and a superabundance of lard in their gills, whose manners well-nigh overset me, overloading our coach with their enormous carcasses, and squeezing themselves, as they ascended from various parts of the road, between passengers already in a state of compression, to the gross infraction of all law and justice, and the imminent danger of our necks. The days were when I would have put down all this; but, whether from the love of peace, which grows with age, or perhaps from some remainder of the enfeebling influenza, (which, however, is getting better,) my quiescence predominated.

He experienced further troubles at Huddersfield, and saw some factory bill commissioners and an M. P. burned in effigy by a mob; but the minister pulls up "to conclude."

Before I resume my narrative, I may say, by way of qualifying my observations on toryism, that though I hold a strong while virtuous government, and under the directions of the higher intelligence of our best-educated men, to be the best régime for a country, yet I feel it wrong to nourish contempt for any human being; "Honor all men" is the precept of Scripture. We should not despise any of those for whom Christ died; and the tendency so to do is one of those temptations to which refinement and knowledge are apt to expose us, and which ought to be resisted.

In 1830, Dr. Chalmers was one of the deputation from the Church of Scotland to present an address to William the Fourth on his accession; and he gives an amusing account of it.

We assembled in our hotel at one. The greatest consternation amongst us about hats, which had been promised at twelve, but had not yet arrived. There were four wanting; and at length only three came, with the promise that we should get the other when we passed the shop. We went in three coaches, and landed at the palace entry about half-past one. Ascended the stair; passed through a magnificent lobby, between rows of glittering attendants all dressed in gold and scarlet. Ushered into a large anteroom, full of all sorts of company, walking about and collecting there for attendance on the levee; military and naval officers in splendid uniforms—high legal gentlemen with enormous wigs—ecclesiastics from archbishops to curates and inferior clergy. Our deputation made a most respectable appearance among them, with our cocked three-cornered hats under our arms, our bands upon our breasts, and our gowns of Geneva upon our backs. Mine did not lap so close as I would have liked; so that I was twice as thick as I should be, and it must have been palpable to every eye at the first glance that I was the greatest man there—and that though I took all care to keep my coat unbuttoned and my gown quite open; however, let not mamma be alarmed, for I made a most respectable appearance, and was treated with the utmost attention. I saw the Archbishop of York in the room, but did not get within speech of him. To make up for this, however, I was introduced to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who was very civil; saw the Bishop of London, with whom I had a good deal of talk, and am to dine on Friday; was made up to by Admiral Sir Philip Durham; and was further introduced, at their request, to Sir John Leach, Master of the Rolls, to Lord Chief Justice Tindall, to the

Marquis of Bute, &c. But far the most interesting object there was Talleyrand—whom I could get nobody to introduce me to—splendidly attired as the French Ambassador, attended by some French military officers. I gazed with interest on the old shrivelled face of him, and thought I could see there the lines of deep reflection and lofty talent. His moral physiognomy, however, is a downright blank. He was by far the most important continental personage in the room, and drew all eyes. I was further in conversation with Lord Melville, Mr. Spencer Percival, and Mr. Henry Drummond. The door to the middle apartment was at length opened for us; when we entered in processional order. The moderator first, with Drs. Macknight and Cook on each side of him; I and Dr. Lee side by side followed; Mr. Paul and Mr. George Sinclair, with their swords and bags, formed the next row; then Sir John Connel and Sir Henry Jardine; and, last of all, Mr. Pringle, M.P., and Dr. Stewart. We stopped in the middle room—equally crowded with the former, and alike splendid with mirrors, chandeliers, pictures, and gildings of all sorts on the roof and walls—for about ten minutes, when at length the folding-doors to the grand state-room were thrown open. We all made a low bow on our first entry; and the king, seated on the throne at the opposite end, took off his hat, putting it on again. We marched up to the middle of the room, and made another low bow, when the king again took off his hat; we then proceeded to the foot of the throne, and all made a third low bow, on which the king again took off his hat. After this the moderator read his address, which was a little long; and the king bowed repeatedly while it was reading. The moderator then reached the address to the king upon the throne, who took it from him and gave it to Sir Robert Peel on his left hand, who in his turn gave the king his written reply, which he read very well. After this, the moderator went up to the stool before the throne, leaned his left knee upon it, and kissed the king's hand. We each in our turn did the same thing, the moderator naming every one of us as we advanced. I went through my kneel and my kiss very comfortably. The king said something to each of us. His first question to me was, "Do you reside constantly in Edinburgh?" I said, "Yes, an't please your majesty." His next question was, "How long do you remain in town?" I said, "Till Monday, an't please your majesty." I then descended the steps leading from the foot of the throne to the floor, and fell into my place in the deputation. After we had all been thus introduced, we began to retire in a body just as we had come, bowing all the way with our faces to the king, and so moving backwards; when the king called out, "Don't go away, gentlemen; I shall leave the throne, and the queen will succeed me." We stopped in the middle of the floor; when the most beautiful living sight I ever beheld burst upon our delighted gaze—the queen with twelve maids of honor, in a perfect spangle of gold and diamonds, entered the room. I am sorry I cannot go over in detail the particulars of her dresses; only that their lofty plumes upon their heads, and their long sweeping trains upon the floor, had a very magnificent effect. She took her seat on the throne; and we made the same profound obeisances as before, advancing to the foot of the steps that lead to the footstool of the throne. A short address was read to her as before; and her reply was most beautifully given, in rather a tremulous voice, and just as low as that I could only hear and no more. We went through the same ceremonial of advancing successively and kissing hands, and then retired, with three bows; which the queen returned most gracefully, but with all the simplicity, I had almost said bashfulness, of a timid country girl. She is really a very natural and amiable-looking person. The whole was magnificent.

Although a Presbyterian after the strictest sect, and not blind to the abuses of the Church of England, Dr. Chalmers had a great liking for "the establishment." The cathedrals and old churches pleased his taste; "the establishment" met his theory of endowments; hence, oftener than once when sectarians got him to preach, they were in the position of the king who sent for Balaam to curse Israel. He once went to Bristol to open an independent chapel, built at the expense of Mr. Hare.

On his arrival at Mr. Hare's he found that a strong current of opinion hostile to the established Church of England prevailed in that society into which he was thrown; and as his opening of the chapel might possibly lay his own sentiments upon this subject open to misinterpretation, he thought it right, as it certainly was both candid and manly, to close the sermon which he delivered upon this occasion with the following declaration—

"I hold the establishment to be not only a great Christian good, but one indispensable to the upholding of a diffused Christianity throughout the land. In spite of all the imputations and errors which its greatest enemies have laid to its door, we hold, that on the alternative of its existence or non-existence there would hang a most fearful odds to the Christianity of England. We are ready to admit that the working of the apparatus might be made greatly more efficient; but we at the same time contend, that were it taken down, the result would be tantamount to a moral blight on the length and breadth of our land. We think it might be demonstrated, that were the ministrations of your established church to be done away, they would never be replaced by all the zeal, energy, and talent of private adventurers. Instead of the frequent parish-church, that most beautiful spectacle to a truly Christian heart, because to him the richest in moral associations, with its tower peeping forth from amidst the verdure of the trees in which it is embosomed, there would be presented to the eye of the traveller only rare and thinly-scattered meeting-houses."

The time over which this volume extends is from 1823, when Dr. Chalmers went to St. Andrew's as Professor of Moral Philosophy, to 1835, when his private contest with Lord Melbourne and the whig ministry on the subject of church-extension closed. The principal intervening subjects of a public kind are some college differences at St. Andrew's, in reference to the appropriation of the funds and other matters; the annuity-tax of Edinburgh, after Dr. Chalmers had settled in the capital as professor of divinity; and several questions in the Presbytery or the General Assembly, sometimes curious as containing the germ of the differences that subsequently produced the secession. The chief literary undertakings were the contribution to the Bridgewater Treatises, and the work on Political Economy, in which, it may be recollected, Dr. Chalmers, among other dubious topics, broached the doctrine that all taxes fall upon land. The most important personal event was an attack of paralysis in 1834, brought on by his exertions in the dispute between the Presbytery and town-council on the annuity-tax; from which, however, he recovered without perceptible effects.

From Fraser's Magazine.

CREBILLON, THE FRENCH ÆSCHYLUS.

ABOUT the year 1670, there lived at Dijon a certain notary, an original in his way, named Mel-

chior Jolyot. His father was an inn-keeper; but of a more ambitious nature than his sire, the son, as soon as he had succeeded in collecting a little money, purchased for himself the office of head clerk in the *Chambre des Comptes* of Dijon, with the title of *Greffier* of the same. During the following year, having long been desirous of a title of nobility, he acquired, at a very low price, a little abandoned and almost unknown fief, that of Crebillon, situated about a league and a half from the city.

His son, Prosper Jolyot, the future poet, was at that time a young man of about two-and-twenty years of age, a student at law, and then on the eve of being admitted as advocate at the French bar. From the first years of his sojourn in Paris, we find that he called himself Prosper Jolyot of Crebillon. About sixty years later, a worthy philosopher of Dijon, a certain Monsieur J. B. Michault, writes as follows to the President de Ruffey:—"Last Saturday (June 19th, 1762), our celebrated Crebillon was interred at St. Gervais. In his *billets de mort* they gave him the title of *ecuyer*; but what appears to me more surprising, is the circumstance of his son adopting that of *messire*."

Crebillon had then ended by cradling himself in a sort of imaginary nobility. In 1761, we find him writing to the President de Brosse: "I have ever taken so little thought respecting my own origin, that I have neglected certain very flattering elucidations on this point. M. de Ricard, *maître des comptes* at Dijon, gave my father one day two titles he had found. Of these two titles, written in very indifferent Latin, the first concerned one Jolyot, chamberlain of Raoul, Duke of Burgundy; the second, a certain Jolyot, chamberlain of Philippe le Bon. Both of these titles are lost. I can also remember having heard it said in my youth by some old inhabitants of Nuits, my father's native place, that there formerly existed in those cantons a certain very powerful and noble family named Jolyot."

O vanity of vanities! would it be believed that, under the democratic reign of the *Encyclopædia*, a man like Crebillon, ennobled by his own talents and genius, could have thus hugged himself in the possession of a vain and deceitful chimera! For truth compels us to own that, from the fifteenth to the end of the seventeenth century, the Jolyots were never anything more or less than honest inn-keepers, who sold their wine unadulterated, as it was procured from the black or golden grapes of the Burgundy hills.

Meanwhile Crebillon, finding that his titles of nobility were uncontested, pushed his aristocratic weakness so far as to affirm one day that his family bore on its shield an eagle, or, on a field, azure, holding in its beak a lily, proper, leaved and sustained, argent. All went, however, according to his wishes; his son allied himself by an unexpected marriage to one of the first families in England. The old tragic poet could then pass into the other world with the consoling reflection that he left behind him here below a name not only honored in the world of letters, but inscribed also in the golden muster-roll of the French nobility. But unfortunately for poor Crebillon's family tree, about a century after the creation of this mushroom nobility—which, like the majority of the nobilities of the eighteenth century, had its foundation in the sand—a certain officious antiquary, who happened at the time to have nothing better to do, bethought himself one day of inquiring into the validity of his claim. He devoted to this strange occupation several years of

precious time. By dint of shaking the dust from off the archives of Dijon and of Nuits, and of rummaging the minutes of the notaries of the department, he succeeded at length in ferreting out the genealogical tree of the Jolyot family. Some, the most glorious of its members, had been notaries, others had been innkeepers. Shade of Crebillon, pardon this impious archaeologist, who thus, with ruthless hands, destroyed "at one fell swoop" the brilliant scaffolding of your vanity!

Prosper Jolyot de Crebillon was born at Dijon on the 13th of February, 1674; like Corneille, Bossuet, and Voltaire, he studied at the Jesuits' college of his native town. It is well known that in all their seminaries, the Jesuits kept secret registers, wherein they inscribed, under the name of each pupil, certain notes in Latin upon his intellect and character. It was the Abbé d'Olivet who, it is said, inscribed the note referring to Crebillon: "*Puer ingeniosus sed insignis nebulo.*" But it must be said that the collegiate establishments of the holy brotherhood housed certain pedagogues, who rather abused their right of pronouncing judgment on the scholars. Crebillon, after all, was but a lively, frolicsome child, free and unreserved to excess in manners and speech.

His father, notary and later *greffier en chef* of the "*Chambre des Comptes*" at Dijon, being above all things desirous that his family should become distinguished in the magistracy, destined his son to the law, saying that the best heritage he could leave him was his own example. Crebillon resigned himself to his father's wishes with a very good grace, and repaired to Paris, there to keep his terms. In the capital he divided his time between study and the pleasures and amusements natural to his age. As soon as he was admitted as advocate, he entered the chambers of a procureur named Prieur, son of the Prieur celebrated by Scarron, an intimate friend of his father, who greeted him fraternally. One would have supposed that our future poet, who bore audacity on his countenance, and genius on his brow, would, like Achilles, have recognized his sex when they showed him arms; but far from this being the case, not only was it necessary to warn him that he *was* a poet, but even to impel him bodily, as it were, and despite himself, into the arena.

The writers and poets of France have ever railed in good set terms against procureurs, advocates, and all such common-place, every-day personages; and, in general, we are bound to confess they have had right on their side. We must, however, render justice to one of them, the only one, perhaps, who ever showed a taste for poetry. The worthy man to whom, fortunately for himself, Crebillon had been confided, remarked, at an early stage of their acquaintanceship, the romantic disposition of his pupil. Of the same country as Piron and Rameau, Crebillon possessed, like them, the same frank gaiety and good-tempered heedlessness of character, which betrayed his Burgundian origin. Having at an early age inhaled the intoxicating perfumes of the Burgundian vines, his first essays in poetry were, as might be expected, certain *chansons à boire*, none of which, however, have descended to posterity. The worthy procureur, amazed at the degree of power shown even in these slight drinking-songs, earnestly advised him to become a poet by profession.

Crebillon was then twenty-seven years of age; he resisted, alleging that he did not believe he possessed the true creative genius; that every poet is

in some sort a species of deity, holding chaos in one hand, and light and life in the other; and that, for his part, he possessed but a bad pen, destined to defend bad causes in worse style. But the procureur was not to be convinced; he had discovered that a spark of the creative fire already shone within the breast of Crebillon. "Do not deny yourself becoming a poet," he would frequently say to him; "it is written upon your brow; your looks have told me so a thousand times. There is but one man in all France capable of taking up the mantle of Racine, and that man is yourself."

Crebillon exclaimed against this opinion; but having been left alone for a few hours to transcribe a parliamentary petition, he recalled to mind the magic of the stage—the scenery, the speeches, the applause; a movement of inspiration seized him. When the procureur returned, his pupil extended his hand to him, exclaiming, enthusiastically, "You have pointed out the way to me, and I shall depart." "Do not be in a hurry," replied the procureur; "a *chef-d'œuvre* is not made in a week. Remain quietly where you are, as if you were still a procureur's clerk; eat my bread and drink my wine; when you have completed your work, you may then take your flight."

Crebillon accordingly remained in the procureur's office, and at the very desk on which he transcribed petitions, he composed the five long acts of a barbarous tragedy, entitled, "The Death of Brutus." The work finished, our good-natured procureur brought all his interest into play, in order to obtain a reading of the piece at the Comédie Française. After many applications, Crebillon was permitted to read his play; it was unanimously rejected. The poet was furious; he returned home to the procureur's, and, casting down his manuscript at the good man's feet, exclaimed, in a voice of despair, "You have dishonored me!"

D'Alembert says, "Crebillon's fury burst upon the procureur's head; he regarded him almost in the light of an enemy who had advised him only for his own dishonor, swore to listen to him no more, and never to write another line of verse as long as he lived."

Crebillon, however, in his rage maligned the worthy procureur; he would not have found elsewhere so hospitable a roof or so true a friend. He returned to the study of the law, but the decisive step had been taken; beneath the advocate's gown the poet had already peeped forth. And then, the procureur was never tired of predicting future triumphs. Crebillon ventured upon another tragedy, and chose for his subject the story of the Cretan king, Idomeneus. This time the comedians accepted his piece, and shortly afterwards played it. Its success was doubtful, but the author fancied he had received sufficient encouragement to continue his new career.

In his next piece, "Atrée," Crebillon, who had commenced as a schoolboy, now raised himself, as it were, to the dignity of a master. The comedians learned their parts with enthusiasm. On the morning of the first representation, the procureur summoned the young poet to his bedside, for he was then stricken with a mortal disease; "My friend," said he, "I have a presentiment that this very evening you will be greeted by the critics of the nation as a son of the great Corneille. There are but a few days of life remaining for me; I have no longer strength to walk, but be assured that I shall be at my post this evening, in the pit of the Théâtre Française." True to his word, the good

old man had himself carried to the theatre. The intelligent judges applauded certain passages of the tragedy, in which wonderful power as well as many startling beauties was perceptible; but at the catastrophe, when Atreus compels Thyestes to drink the blood of his son, there was a general exclamation of horror—(Gabrielle de Vergy, be it remarked, had not then eaten on the stage the heart of her lover.) “The procureur,” says D’Alembert, “would have left the theatre in sorrow, if he had awaited the judgment of the audience in order to fix his own. The pit appeared more terrified than interested; it beheld the curtain fall without uttering a sound either of approval or condemnation, and dispersed in that solemn and ominous silence which bodes no good for the future welfare of the piece. But the procureur judged better than the public, or, rather, he anticipated its future judgment. The play over, he proceeded to the green-room to seek his pupil, who, still in a state of the greatest uncertainty as to his fate, was already almost resigned to a failure; he embraced Crebillon in a transport of admiration; ‘I die content,’ said he. ‘I have made you a poet; and I leave a man to the nation!’”

And, in fact, at each representation of the piece, the public discovered fresh beauties, and abandoned itself with real pleasure to the terror which the poet inspired. A few days afterwards, the name of Crebillon became celebrated throughout Paris and the provinces, and all imagined that the spirit of the great Corneille had indeed revisited earth to animate the muse of the young Burgundian.

Crebillon’s father was greatly irritated on finding that his son had, as they said then, abandoned Themis for Melpomene. In vain did the procureur plead his pupil’s cause—in vain did Crebillon address to this true father a supplication in verse, to obtain pardon for him from his sire; the *greffier en chef* of Dijon was inexorable; to his son’s entreaties he replied that he cursed him, and that he was about to make a new will. To complete, as it were, his downfall in the good opinion of this individual, who possessed such a blind infatuation for the law, Crebillon wrote him a letter, in which the following passage occurs:—“I am about to get married, if you have no objection, to the most beautiful girl in Paris; you may believe me, sir, upon this point, for her beauty is all that she possesses.”

To this his father replied:—“Sir, your tragedies are not to my taste; your children will not be mine; commit as many follies as you please, I shall console myself with the reflection that I refused my consent to your marriage; and I would strongly advise you, sir, to depend more than ever on your pieces for support, for you are no longer a member of my family.”

Crebillon, for all that, married, as he said, the most beautiful girl in Paris—the gentle and charming Charlotte Peaget, of whom Dufresny has spoken. She was the daughter of an apothecary, and it was while frequenting her father’s shop that Crebillon became acquainted with her. There was nothing very romantic, it is true, in the match; but love spreads a charm over all that it comes in contact with. Thus, a short time before his marriage, Crebillon perceived his intended giving out some marshmallow and violets to a sick customer: “My dear Charlotte,” said he, “we will go together, some of these days, among our Dijonnaise mountains, to collect violets and marshmallow for your father.”

It was shortly after his marriage and removal to the Place Maubert, that he first evinced his strange mania for cats and dogs, and, above all, his singular passion for tobacco. He was, beyond contradiction, the greatest smoker of his day. It has been stated by some of the writers of the time, that he could not turn a single rhyme of a tragedy, save in an obscure and smoky chamber, surrounded by a noisy pack of dogs and cats: according to the same authorities, he would very frequently, also, in the middle of the day, close the shutters, and light candles. A thousand other extravagances have been attributed to Crebillon; but we ought to accept with caution the recitals of these anecdote-mongers, who were far too apt to imagine they were portraying a man, when in reality they were but drawing a ridiculous caricature.

When M. Melchior Jolyot learned that his son had, in defiance of his paternal prohibition, actually wedded the apothecary’s daughter, his grief and rage knew no bounds. The worthy man believed in his recent nobility as firmly as he did in his religion, and his son’s *mesalliance* nearly drove him to despair; this time he actually carried his threat into execution, and made a formal will, by virtue of which he completely disinherited the poet. Fortunately for Crebillon, his father, before bidding adieu to the world and his nobility, undertook a journey to Paris, curious, even in the midst of his rage, to judge for himself the merits and demerits of the theatrical tomfooleries, as he called them, of his silly boy, who had married the apothecary’s daughter, and who, in place of gaining nobility and station in a procureur’s office, had written a parcel of trash for actors to spout. We must say, however, that Crebillon could not have retained a better counsel to urge his claims before the paternal tribunal than his wife, the much maligned apothecary’s daughter, one of the loveliest and most amiable women in Paris; and we may add, that this nobility of which his father thought so much—the nobility of the robe—which had not been acquired in a Dijonnaise family until after the lapse of three generations, was scarcely equal to the nobility of the pen, which Crebillon had acquired by the exercise of his own talents.

The old greffier, then, came to Paris for the purpose of witnessing one of the said tomfooleries of that unhappy profligate, who in better times had been his son. Fate so willed it that on that night “*Atree*” should be performed. The old man was seized with mingled emotions of terror, grief, and admiration. That very evening, being resolved not to rest until he had seen his son, he called a coach, on leaving the theatre, and drove straight to the Faubourg Saint Marceau, to the house which had been pointed out to him as the dwelling of Crebillon. No sooner had the door opened than out rushed seven or eight dogs, who cast themselves upon the old greffier, uttering in every species of canine *patois* the loudest possible demonstrations of welcome. One word from Madame Crebillon, however, was sufficient to recall this unruly pack to order; yet the dogs, having no doubt instinctively discovered a family likeness, continued to gambol round the limbs of M. Melchior Jolyot, to the latter’s no small confusion and alarm. Charlotte, who was alone, waiting supper for her husband, was much surprised at this unexpected visit. At first she imagined that it was some great personage who had come to offer the poet his patronage and protection; but after looking at her visitor two or three times, she suddenly

exclaimed: "You are my husband's father, or, at least, you are one of the Jolyot family." The old greffier, though intending to have maintained his inecognito until his son's return, could no longer resist the desire of abandoning himself to the delights of a reconciliation; he embraced his daughter-in-law tenderly, shedding tears of joy, and accusing himself all the while for his previous unnatural harshness: "Yes, yes," cried he, "yes, you are still my children—all that I have is yours!" then, after a moment's silence, he continued, in a tone of sadness: "But how does it happen that, with his great success, my son has condemned his wife to such a home and such a supper?"

"Condemned, did you say?" murmured Charlotte; "do not deceive yourself, we are quite happy here:" so saying, she took her father-in-law by the hand, and led him into the adjoining room, to a cradle covered with white curtains. "Look!" said she, turning back the curtain with maternal solicitude.

The old man's heart melted outright at the sight of his grandchild.

"Are we not happy?" continued the mother. "What more do we require? We live on a little, and when we have no money, my father assists us."

They returned to the sitting-room.

"What wine is this!" said the old Burgundian, uncorking the bottle intended to form part of their frugal repast. "What!" he exclaimed, "my son fallen so low as this! The Crebillons have always drunk good wine."

At this instant the dogs set up a tremendous barking: Crebillon was ascending the stairs. A few moments afterwards he entered the room escorted by a couple of dogs, which had followed him from the theatre.

"What! two more!" exclaimed the father; "this is really too much. Son," he continued, "I am come to entreat your pardon; in my anxiety to show myself your father, I had forgotten that my first duty was to love you."

Crebillon cast himself into his father's arms.

"But *corbleu*, monsieur," continued the old notary, "I cannot forgive you for having so many dogs."

"You are right, father; but what would become of these poor animals were I not to take compassion upon them? It is not good for man to be alone, says the Scripture. No longer able to live with my fellow-creatures, I have surrounded myself with dogs. The dog is the solace and friend of the solitary man."

"But I should imagine you were not alone here," said the father, with a glance towards Charlotte, and the infant's cradle.

"Who knows!" said the young wife, with an expression of touching melancholy in her voice. "It is perhaps through a presentiment that he speaks thus. I much fear that I shall not live long. He has but one friend upon the earth, and that friend is myself. Now, when I shall be no more——"

"But you shall not die," interrupted Crebillon, taking her in his arms. "Could I exist without you?"

Madame Crebillon was not deceived in her presentiments; the poet, who, we know, lived to a patriarchal age, lived on in widowed solitude for upwards of fifty years.

Crebillon and his wife accompanied the old greffier back from Paris to Dijon, where, to the

great surprise of the inhabitants, the father presented his son as "M. Jolyot de Crebillon, who has succeeded Messieurs Corneille and Racine in the honors of the French stage." Crebillon had the greatest possible difficulty in restraining the enthusiasm of his sire. He succeeded, however, at length, not through remonstrances, but by the insatiable ardor he displayed in diving into the paternal money-bags. After a sojourn of three months at Dijon, Crebillon returned to Paris; and well for him it was that he did so; a month longer, and the father would indubitably have quarrelled with him again, and would have remade his will, disinheriting this time, not the rebellious child, but the prodigal son. Crebillon, in fact, never possessed the art of keeping his money; and in this respect he but followed the example of all those, who, in imagination, remove mountains of gold.

Scarcely had he arrived in Paris when he was obliged to return to Dijon. The old greffier had died suddenly. The inheritance was a most difficult one to unravel. "I have come here," writes Crebillon to the elder of the brothers Pâris, "only to inherit lawsuits." And, true enough, he allowed himself to be drawn blindly into the various suits which arose in consequence of certain informalities in the old man's will, and which eventually caused almost the entire property to drop, bit by bit, into the pockets of the lawyers.

"I was a great blockhead," wrote Crebillon later; "I went about reciting passages from my tragedies to these lawyers, who feigned to pale with admiration; and this manœuvre of theirs blinded me; I perceived not that all the while these cunning foxes were devouring my substance; but it is the fate of poets to be ever like La Fontaine's crow."

Out of this property he succeeded only in preserving the little fief of Crebillon, the income derived from which he gave up to his sisters. On his return to Paris, however, he changed altogether his style of living; he removed his penates to the neighborhood of the Luxembourg, and placed his establishment on quite a seigniorial footing, as if he had become heir to a considerable property. This act of folly can scarcely be explained. The report, of course, was spread, that he had inherited property to a large amount. Most probably he wished, by acting thus, to save the family honor, or, to speak more correctly, the family vanity, by seeking to deceive the world as to the precise amount of the Jolyot estate.

True wisdom inhabits not the world in which we dwell. Crebillon sought all the superfluities of luxury. In vain did his wife endeavor to restrain him in his extravagances; in vain did she recall to his mind their frugal but happy meals, and the homely furniture of their little dwelling in the Place Maubert; "*so gay for all that on sunny days.*"

"Well," he would reply, "if we must return there, I shall not complain. What matters it if the wine be not so good, so that it is always your hand which pours it out?"

Fortunately, that year was one of successive triumphs for Crebillon. The "*Electre*" carried off all suffrages, and astonished even criticism itself. In this piece the poet had softened down the harshness of his tints, and while still maintaining his "majestic" character, had kept closer to nature and humanity.

"*Electre*" was followed by "*Rhadamiste*," which was at the time extolled as a perfect *chef-*

d'œuvre of style and vigor. There is in this play, if we may be allowed the term, a certain rude nobility of expression, which is the true characteristic of Crebillon's genius. It was this tragedy which inspired Voltaire with the idea, that on the stage it is better to strike hard than true. The enthusiastic auditory admitted, that if Racine could paint love, Crebillon could depict hatred. Boileau, who was then dying, and who, could he have had his wish, would have desired that French literature might stop at his name, exclaimed, that this success was scandalous. "I have lived too long!" cried the old poet, in a violent rage. "To what a pack of Visigoths have I left the French stage a prey! The Pradons, whom we so often ridiculed, were eagles compared to these fellows." Boileau resembled in some respect old "Nestor" of the *Iliad*, when he said to the Greek kings—"I would advise you to listen to me, for I have formerly mixed with men who were your betters." The public, however, amply avenged Crebillon for the bitter judgment of Boileau; in eight days two editions of the "Rhadamiste" were exhausted. And this was not all: the piece, having been played by command of the regent before the court at Versailles, was applauded to the echo.

Despite these successes, Crebillon was not long in getting to the bottom of his purse. In the hope of deferring as long as he possibly could the evil hour he should be obliged to return to his former humble style of living, he used every possible means to replenish his almost exhausted exchequer. He borrowed three thousand crowns from Baron Hoguer, who was the resource of literary men in the days of the Regency; and sold to a Jew usurer his author's rights upon a tragedy which was yet to be written. He had counted upon the success of "Xerxes;" but this tragedy proved an utter failure. Crebillon, however, was a man of strong mind. He returned home that evening with a calm, and even smiling countenance: "Well!" eagerly exclaimed Madame Crebillon, who had been awaiting in anxiety the return of her husband. "Well," replied he, "they have damned my play; to-morrow we will return to our old habits again."

And, true to his word, on the following morning Crebillon returned to the Place Maubert, where he hired a little apartment near his father-in-law, who could still offer our poet and his wife, when hard pressed, a glass of his *vin ordinaire* and a share of his dinner. Out of all his rich furniture Crebillon selected but a dozen cats and dogs, whom he chose as the companions of his exile. To quote d'Alembert's words—"Like Alcibiades in former days, he passed from Persian luxury to Spartan austerity, and, what in all probability Alcibiades was not, he was happier in the second state than he had been in the first."

His wife was in retirement what she had been in the world. She never complained. Perhaps even she showed herself in a more charming light, as the kind and devoted companion of the hissed and penniless poet, than as the admired wife of the popular dramatist. Poor Madame Crebillon hid their poverty from her husband with touching delicacy; he almost fancied himself rich, such a magic charm did she contrive to cast over their humble dwelling. Like Midas, she appeared to possess the gift of changing whatever she touched into gold, that is to say, of giving life and light by her winning grace to everything with which she came in contact. Blessed, thrice blessed is that

man, be he poet or philosopher, who, like Crebillon, has felt and understood that amiability and a contented mind are in a wife treasures inexhaustible, compared to which mere mundane wealth fades into utter insignificance. No word of complaint or peevish expression ever passed Madame Crebillon's lips; she was proud of her poet's glory, and endeavored always to sustain him in his independent ideas; she would listen resignedly to all his dreams of future triumphs, and knew how to cast herself into his arms when he would declare that he desired nothing more from mankind. One day, however, when there was no money in the house, on seeing him return with a dog under each arm, she ventured on a quiet remonstrance. "Take care, Monsieur de Crebillon," she said, with a smile, "we have already eight dogs and fifteen cats."

"Well, I know that," replied Crebillon; "but see how piteously these poor dogs look at us; could I leave them to die of hunger in the street?"

"But did it not strike you that they might possibly die of hunger here? I can fully understand and enter into your feelings of love and pity for these poor animals, but we must not convert the house into a hospital for foundling dogs."

"Why despair?" said Crebillon. "Providence never abandons genius and virtue. The report goes that I am to be of the Academy."

"I do not believe it," said Madame Crebillon. "Fontenelle and La Motte, who are but *beaux esprits*, will never permit a man like you to seat himself beside them, for if you were of the Academy, would you not be the king of it?"

Crebillon, however, began his canvass, but, as his wife had foreseen, Fontenelle and La Motte succeeded in having him black-balled.

All these little literary thorns, however, only imparted greater charms to the calm felicity of Crebillon's domestic hearth; but we must now open the saddest page of our poet's hitherto peaceful and happy existence.

One evening, on his return from the Café Procope, the resort of all the wits and *littérateurs* of the eighteenth century, Crebillon found his wife in a state of great agitation, half-undressed, and pressing their sleeping infant to her bosom.

"Why, Charlotte, what is the matter?" he exclaimed.

"I am afraid," replied she, trembling, and looking towards the bed.

"What folly! you are like the children, you are frightened at shadows."

"Yes, I am frightened at shadows; just now, as I was undressing, I saw a spectre glide along at the foot of the bed. I was ready to sink to the earth with terror, and it was with the greatest difficulty that I could muster strength enough to reach the child's cradle."

"Child yourself," said Crebillon playfully; "you merely saw the shadow of the bed-curtains."

"No, no," cried the young wife, seizing the poet's hand—"it was Death! I recognized him; for it is not the first time that he has shown himself to me. Ah! *mon ami*, with what grief and terror shall I prepare to lie down in the cold earth! If you love me as I love you, do not leave me for an instant; help me to die, for if you are by my side at that hour, I shall fancy I am but dropping asleep."

Greatly shocked at what he heard, Crebillon took his child in his arms, and carried it back to its cradle. He returned to his wife, pressed her to his bosom, and sought vainly for words to relieve

her apprehensions, and to lead back her thoughts into less sombre channels. He at length succeeded, but not without great difficulty, in persuading her to retire to rest; she scarcely closed an eye. Poor Crebillon sat in silence by the bed-side of his wife, praying fervently in his heart; for perhaps he believed in omens and presentiments even to a greater degree than did Charlotte. Finding at length that she had dropped asleep, he got into bed himself. When he awoke in the morning, he beheld Charlotte bending over him in a half-raised posture, as though she had been attentively regarding him as he slept. Terrified at the deadly paleness of her cheeks, and the unnatural brilliancy of her eyes, and sensitive and tender-hearted as a child, he was unable to restrain his tears. She cast herself passionately into his arms, and covered his cheeks with tears and kisses.

"'T is all over now," she whispered, in a broken voice; "my heart beats too strongly to beat much longer, but I die contented and happy, for I see by your tears that you will not forget me."

Crebillon rose hastily and ran to his father-in-law. "Alas!" said the poor apothecary, "her mother, who was as beautiful and as good as she, died young of a disease of the heart, and her child will go the same way."

All the most celebrated physicians of the day were called in, but before they could determine upon a method of treatment, the spirit of poor Charlotte had taken flight from its earthly tabernacle.

Crebillon, inconsolable at his loss, feared not the ridicule (for in the eighteenth century all such exhibitions of feeling were considered highly ridiculous) of lamenting his wife; he wept her loss during half a century—in other words, to his last hour.

During the space of two years he scarcely appeared once at the Théâtre Française. He had the air of a man of another age, so completely a stranger did he seem to all that was going on around him. One might say that he still lived with his divine Charlotte; he would speak to her unceasingly, as if her gentle presence was still making the wilderness of his solitary dwelling blossom like the rose. After fifteen years of mourning, some friends one day surprised him in his solitude, speaking aloud to his dear Charlotte, relating to her his projects for the future, and recalling their past days of happiness: "Ah! Charlotte," he exclaimed, "they all tell me of my glory, yet I think but of thee."

The friends of Crebillon, uneasy respecting his future destiny, had advised him during the preceding year to present himself at court, where he was received and recognized as a man of genius. In the early days of his widowhood, he quitted Paris suddenly and took up his residence at Versailles. But at Versailles he lived as he had done in Paris, immured in his chamber and entirely engrossed with his own sombre and lugubrious thoughts and visions; in consequence of this, he was scarcely noticed; the king, seeing before him a species of Danubian peasant, proud of his genius and his poverty, treated him with an almost disdainful coldness of manner. Crebillon did not at first comprehend his position at Versailles. He was a simple-minded philosopher, who had studied heroes and not men. At length, convinced that a poet at court is like a fish out of water, he returned to Paris to live more nobly with his heroes and his poverty. He retired to the Marais, to the Rue des Deux-Portes, taking with him only a bed, a table, two chairs, and an arm-chair, "in case," to

use his own words, "an honest man should come to visit him."

Irritated at the rebuff he had met with at Versailles, ashamed of having solicited in vain the justice of the king, he believed henceforth only in liberty. "Liberty," said he, "is the most vivid sentiment engraven on my heart." Unintentionally, perhaps, he avenged himself in the first work he undertook after this event: the tragedy of "Cromwell,"—"an altar," as he said, "which I erect to liberty." According to D'Alembert, he read to his friends some scenes of this play, in which our British aversion for absolutism was painted with wild and startling energy; in consequence thereof, he received an order forbidding him to continue his piece. His Cromwell was a villain certainly, but a villain which would have told well upon the stage, from the degree of grandeur and heroic dignity with which the author had invested the character. From that day he had enemies; but indeed it might be said that he had had enemies from the evening of the first representation of his "Electre." Success here below has no other retinue.

Crebillon was now almost penniless. By degrees, without having foreseen such an occurrence, he began to hear his numerous creditors buzzing around him like a swarm of hornets. Not having anything else to seize, they seized at the theatre his author's rights. The affair was brought before the courts, and led to a decree of the parliament which ordained that the works of the intellect were not seizable; consequently Crebillon retained the income arising from the performance of his tragedies.

Some years now passed away without bringing any fresh successes. Compelled by the court party to discontinue "Cromwell," he gave "Semiramis," which, like "Xerxes," some time previously, was a failure. Under the impression that the public could not bring itself to relish "the sombre horrors of human tempests," he sought to arm himself as it were against his own nature, to subdue and soften it. The tragedy of "Pyrrhus," which recalled the tender colors of Racine, cost him five years' labor. At that time, so strong in France was the empire of habit, that this tragedy, though utterly valueless as a work of art, wanting both in style, relief, and expression, was received with enthusiasm. But Crebillon possessed too much good sense to be blinded by this spurious triumph. "It is," said he, when speaking of his work, "but the shadow of a tragedy."

"Pyrrhus" obtained, after all, but a transitory success. After a brief period, the public began to discover that it was a foreign plant, which under a new sky gave out but a factitious brilliancy. In despair at having wasted so much precious time in fruitless labor, and disgusted besides at the conduct of some shameless intriguers who frequented the literary cafés of the capital, singing his defeat in trashy verse, Crebillon now retired almost wholly from the world. He would visit the theatre, however, occasionally, to chat with a few friends over the literary topics of the day; but at length even this recreation was abandoned, and he was seen in the world no more.

He lived now without any other friends than his heroes and his cats and dogs, devouring the novels of La Calprenède and relating long-winded romances to himself. His son affirms having seen fifteen dogs and as many cats barking and mewling at one time round his father, who would speak to them much more tenderly than he would to himself.

According to Freron's account, Crebillon would pick up and carry home under his cloak all the wandering dogs he met with in the street, and give them shelter and hospitality. But in return for this, he would require from them an aptitude for certain exercises; when, at the termination of the prescribed period, the pupil was convicted of not having profited by the education he had received, the poet would take him under his cloak again, put him down at the corner of the street, and fly from the spot with tears in his eyes.

On the death of La Motte, Crebillon was at length admitted into the Academy. As he was always an eccentric man, he wrote his "Discourse" of reception in verse, a thing which had never been done before. On pronouncing this line, which has not yet been forgotten—

Aucun fiel n'a jamais empoisonné ma plume—

he was enthusiastically applauded. From that day, but from that day only, Crebillon was recognized by his countrymen as a man of honor and virtue, as well as genius. It was rather late in the day, however; he had lost his wife, his son was mixing in the fashionable world, he was completely alone, and almost forgotten, expecting nothing more from the fickle public. More idle than a lazarone, he passed years without writing a single line, though his ever-active imagination would still produce, mentally, tragedy after tragedy. As he possessed a wonderful memory, he would compose and rhyme off-hand the entire five acts of a piece without having occasion to put pen to paper. One evening, under the impression that he had produced a masterpiece, he invited certain of his brother academicians to his house to hear his new play. When the party had assembled, he commenced, and declaimed the entire tragedy from beginning to end without stopping. Judging, by the ominous silence with which the conclusion was received, that his audience was not over-delighted with his play, he exclaimed, in a pet—

"You see, my friends, I was right in not putting my tragedy on paper."

"Why so?" asked Godoyen.

"Because I should have had the trouble of throwing it into the fire. Now, I shall merely have to forget it, which is easier done."

When Crebillon seemed no longer formidable in the literary world, and all were agreed that he was in the decline of his genius, the very men who had previously denied his power, now thought fit to combat Voltaire by exalting Crebillon, in the same way as they afterwards exalted Voltaire so soon as another star appeared on the literary horizon.

"With the intention of humbling the pride of Voltaire, they proceeded," says a writer of the time, "to seek out in his lonely retreat the now aged and forsaken Crebillon, who, mute and solitary for the last thirty years, was no longer a formidable enemy for them, but whom they flattered themselves they could oppose as a species of phantom to the illustrious writer by whom they were eclipsed; just as, in former days, the Leaguers drew an old cardinal from out the obscurity in which he lived, to give him the empty title of king, only that they themselves might reign under his name."

The literary world was then divided into two adverse parties—the Crebillonists and the Voltairians. The first, being masters of all the avenues, succeeded for a length of time in blinding the public. Voltaire passed for a mere wit; Crebillon, for the sole heir of the sceptre of Corneille and

Racine. It was this clique which invented the formula ever afterwards employed in the designation of these three poets—Corneille the great, Racine the tender, and Crebillon the tragic. One great advantage Crebillon possessed over Voltaire: he had written nothing for the last thirty years. His friends, or rather Voltaire's enemies, now began to give out that the author of "Rhadamiste" was engaged in putting the finishing hand to a tragedy, a veritable dramatic wonder, by name "Catilina." Madame de Pampadour herself, tired of Voltaire's importunate ambition, now went over with all her forces to the camp of the Crebillonists. She received Crebillon at court, and recommended him to the particular care of Louis XV., who conferred a pension on him, and also appointed him to the office of censor royal.

"Catilina" was at length produced with great éclat. The court party, which was present in force at the first performance, doubtless contributed in a great measure to the success of the piece. The old poet, thus encouraged, set to work on a new play, the "Triumvirat," with fresh ardor; but, as was Voltaire's lot in after years, it was soon perceptible that the poet was but the shadow of what he had been. Out of respect, however, for Crebillon's eighty-eight years, the tragedy was applauded, but in a few days the "Triumvirat" was played to empty benches. Crebillon had now but one thing left to do: to die, which, in fact, he did in the year 1762.

It cannot be denied that Crebillon was one of the remarkable men of his century. That untutored genius so striking in the boldness and brilliancy of certain of its creations, but which more frequently repels through its own native barbarity, was eminently the genius of Crebillon. But what, above all, characterizes the genius of the French nation—wit, grace, and polish—Crebillon never possessed; consequently, with all his vigor and all his force, he never succeeded in creating a living work. He has depicted human perversity with a proud and daring hand—he has shown the fratricide, the infanticide, the parricide, but he never succeeded in attaining the sublimity of the Greek drama. And yet J. J. Rousseau affirmed that of all the French tragic poets, Crebillon alone had recalled to him the grandeur of the Greeks. If so, it was only through the nudity of terror, for the "French Æschylus" was utterly wanting in what may be termed human and philosophical sentiment.

There is a very beautiful portrait of Crebillon extant, by Latour. It would doubtless be supposed that the man, so terrible in his dramatic furies, was of a dark and sombre appearance. Far from it; Crebillon was of a fair complexion, and had an artless expression of countenance, and a pair of beautiful blue eyes. It must, however, be confessed, that by his method of borrowing the gestures of his heroes, coupled, moreover, with the habit he had acquired of contracting his eyebrows in the fervor of composition, Crebillon in the end became a little more the man of his works. He was, moreover, impatient and irritable, even with his favorite dogs and cats, and occasionally with his sweet-tempered and angelic wife, the ever cheerful partner alike of his joys and sorrows, who had so nobly resigned herself to the chances and changes of his good and ill-fortune; that loving companion of his hours of profusion and gayety, when he aped the *grand seigneur*, as well as the devoted sharer of those days of poverty and neglect, when he retired from the world in disgust, to the old dwelling-house of the Place Maubert.

From the Eclectic Review.

Companions of my Solitude. London: Pickering. 1851. To be re-published by James Munroe & Co., Boston.

WHATEVER expectation might or might not be excited by the title we have transcribed, the public will welcome a new work by the author of "Essays written in the Intervals of Business" (of which we see the announcement of a fifth edition), and of "Friends in Council." The present title is probably intended to be read in the light of these two preceding ones, and to take a deeper significance by reflection from them. In the first of the three books, the writer addresses us from the midst of active life, and, it may be supposed, of multitudinous companionship; in the second, he has exchanged the town for the country, but still retains, or frequently gathers, a few old friends around him, to whose society the reader is admitted, and in concert with whom, we may say, the book professes to have been written: in the present work, without assuming the character of an absolute solitary or hermit, he may be understood as giving no more than he has heretofore done—the thoughts and speculations of one to a great extent retired from the world and conversing chiefly with himself. "When in the country," he says, "I live much alone; and, as I wander over downs and commons, and through lanes with lofty hedges, many thoughts come into my mind. I find, too, the same ones come again and again, and are spiritual companions. At times they insist upon being with me, and are resolutely intrusive. I think I will describe them, that so I may have mastery over them. Instead of suffering them to haunt me as vague faces and half-fashioned resemblances, I will make them into distinct pictures, which I can give away or hang up in my room, turning them, if I please, with their faces to the wall; and, in short, be free to do what I like with them." And again, in another place: "These companions of my solitude, my reveries, take many forms. Sometimes, the nebulous stuff out of which they are formed comes together with some method and set purpose, and may be compared to a heavy cloud—then they will do for an essay or moral discourse; at others, they are merely like those sportive, disconnected forms of vapor which are streaked across the heavens, now like a feather, now like the outline of a camel, doubtless obeying some law, and with some design, but such as mocks our observation; at other times, again, they arrange themselves like those flecked clouds where all the heavens are regularly broken up in small divisions, lying evenly over each other with light between each. The result of this last-mentioned state of reverie is well brought out in conversation." And, accordingly, we have, even in this volume, one or two conversations, in the same style with those interspersed in the "Friends in Council."

All this, of course, is to be taken as nothing more than the representation which the author chooses to make of himself for his particular purpose or purposes in writing. He has come before us in a succession of characters, or at least of situations, the better, it may be, to exhibit to us a large philosophy and many-sided mind; or, in case the reader may have eluded his approach from one direction, to get round him and take him from another. There are one or two things, nevertheless, which we shall certainly not be wrong in resting upon as realities. It is evident that the author of "Friends

in Council," and of the present volume, has at one time had to do with public life, if he is not still in a political position; so much he must be understood to tell us about himself in various places, expressly or by implication, even if it were not to be collected as a probable inference from many of his remarks. And, whether he be still involved in the cares of office, or emancipated from that bondage, and actually leading the natural "life exempt from public haunt," which

Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything;

it is as clear as if it had been intimated in so many distinct words, that he is not an old, or even an elderly man, but belongs, by his standing in years, to the most active portion of the generation that now is. He is certainly not, by a good many years, so old as the century.

This might be gathered from the very style of his books. Probably no man, in any language, ever wrote exactly the same style which he would have written if he had been born only a quarter of a century earlier or later. Now, we think any judge of such matters would say, at once, that the style of the present work could not be that of a man born sixty, or even fifty years ago. It is the English that people have been learning to write for the last twenty or five-and-twenty years, not for the last five-and-thirty or forty. By style, here, we mean, of course, simply diction, or the general manner of using the language apart from whatever peculiarities may distinguish one writer from another, which characteristic peculiarities, even when they are most marked, never completely conceal that something else which marks the time to which the writing belongs. A tailor, we have no doubt, would, in the same manner, be readily able to say, within even a much smaller number of years, when any particular coat that might be shown him was made, no matter how much it might be individualized by the shape and proportions of the wearer; the date of any article of female attire, we are sure, would be fixed by every artist in that department to the very month, and that in cases where an unlearned eye could not even be made to see the delicate distinction when it was pointed out. There are fashions in style, as well as in dress or clothing; indeed, there is nothing in this world that is not in constant motion, though, to be sure, some things move faster than others.

Still more unmistakable is the indication of our author having grown up and been found in the present era, which is afforded by the general tone and spirit of his philosophy and manner of thinking. Without expressing any preference (for critical impartiality ought to be of no time, or rather of all times), we would say that at least three races of thinkers, or three successive waves or shades of moral speculation and sentiment, are to be discriminated with little difficulty in our living literature. There are, first, the writers who had reached the maturity of manhood before the end of the war; secondly, those to whom that wild time, so unlike whatever we have had since, is at least a vivid recollection of their boyhood; thirdly, those who belong wholly to the period that has since elapsed. Among individuals of all the three races, some, of course, have shown more of a retrospective, some more of a prospective tendency; some have clung more tenaciously to their original convictions and ways of viewing things, others

have moved, to a greater or less extent, with the time; yet no man ever wholly escapes from the influences to which his mental nature has been first subjected, or acquires a character of mind completely different from that which those earliest influences have made for him; and so, however it may be overlaid or obscured, that proper character is always to be detected by any one having an eye for such distinctions, and, indeed, will seldom be long in disclosing itself in a perfectly decisive manner either by its salient points or by its defects. A writer whose mind has been the growth of the end of the last century, or the early part of the present, may try his best to accommodate himself to the reigning fashion of thinking, but he will always have something in him lying indestructible and unextractable at the bottom of his heart, analogous to what is found in the wild Indian, in whom, catch him ever so young, you can never wholly extinguish a propensity to run back to his woods on any tempting opportunity. So, at least, it must seem to him who belongs exclusively to the more recent era. Another era it is, indeed, in many respects, that in which we are living, from those bygone days when the air—to borrow Gibbon's expression—still "resounded with the world's debate," and that mighty game was not yet played out at which all nations looked on—a game in which, whatever may be thought of the enduring results, the throes, shaking the very earth, were infinitely tremendous in comparison of anything that has excited mankind since.

The movement we have made, some will say, has been actually out of barbarism into civilization; it has, at any rate, been into a new phase or condition of civilized existence, a new kind of civilization if we will. We all know the immense material development in all directions that the last third of a century has witnessed; but the revolution that has taken place in the reigning or commonly received views of nearly everything, is equally wonderful. The writer before us is one of the last persons in the world to have his understanding enslaved by any reigning spirit or fashion of thinking; but writing honestly and earnestly, he inevitably reflects the color of the era of thought and civilization to which he belongs, which, indeed, is as essential a part of every man, as is any element of his intellectual constitution. Each generation has its own horizon, which is, in a certain sense, that of all who compose the generation, determining at least the ordinary and habitual views of every one of them. And a man's customary or every-day way of looking at things, will always give much of its complexion even to his highest and widest philosophy. One age, too, be it remembered, will thus differ from another, not only in seeing something which was concealed from the other, but also in having lost sight of part of what the other used to have spread out around it.

The two or three sentences we have transcribed above sufficiently explain the nature of the book, and the principle upon which it is constructed. The subjects discussed are not arranged according to any scientific method; but there is an order, whether we may discern it or no, in whatever is continuously produced; and this natural order, determined by everything that acted upon the writer's mind while engaged with his task, we have in the present work, so that, if it sets up no scientific pretensions, it has, what is better, something of an autobiographical character. It gives

us the history, the actual growth and movement, of the author's thoughts. One section of it, however, ought, perhaps, to be made an exception to this statement. A considerable portion of the volume is devoted to a subject, surpassing, indeed, in interest and importance, most others connected with our existing social condition, if only it were possible to discuss it fully and fairly in a work addressing itself to all classes of readers. It is gracefully introduced by an apologue of a little child finding a weed, which, weed as she is told it is, she asks for the sake of its prettiness to have planted in her garden; and then the chapter proceeds:—

Dear reader, if I were to tell you how long I have been thinking of the subject which I mean to preface by the child's fond words; and how hopeless it has at times appeared to me to say anything worth hearing about it; and how I have still clung to my resolve, and worked on at other things with a view of coming eventually to this, you would sympathize with me already, as we do with any man who keeps a task long in mind and heart, though he execute it at last but poorly, and though it be but a poor task, such as a fortune for himself or a tomb for his remains. For we like to see a man persevere in anything.

Without more preface, then, I will say at once that this subject is one which I have been wont to call "the great sin of great cities;" not that in so calling it I have perhaps been strictly just, but the description will do well enough. For what is the thing which must so often diminish the pride of man when contemplating the splendid monuments of a great city, its shops, its public buildings, parks, equipages, and, above all, the wonderful way in which vast crowds of people go about their affairs with so little outward contest and confusion? I imagine the beholder in the best parts of the town, not diving into narrow streets, wandering sickened and exhausted, near uncovered ditches in squalid suburbs, or studiously looking behind the brilliant surface of things. But what is it which on that very surface, helping to form a part of the brilliancy (like the prismatic colors seen on stagnant film), conveys, at times, to any thoughtful mind, an impression of the deepest mournfulness, a perception of the dark spots upon human civilization, in a word, some appreciation of the great sin of great cities? The vile sewer, the offensive factory chimney, the squalid suburb, tell their own tale very clearly. The girl with hardened look, and false, imprinted smile, tells one no less ominous of evil.

Worked out to its depth, this subject would, indeed, carry us to the centre and innermost recesses of our social system, and of all social philosophy and morality. Our author, so far as he pursues it, considers the evil under the three heads of its nature, its causes, and the remedies for it. This ground, however, is all gone over in the first of the four chapters (covering 100 pages in all) to which the disquisition extends; what follows is less methodical, forming not so much a continuation of the discussion, as what we may call an appendix of picturesque illustration. The whole is managed with admirable tact, and some passages are very striking. Here is one, the reading of which will make all right-minded men clap their hands in fervid sympathy:—

I suppose there are few things clearer to the human mind—"to saint, to savage, and to sage"—than that a father owes duties to his child. The dullest savages have seen that; even Lacedæmonians, if they put off individual fatherhood, only did so by throwing it upon the community. How can a man, for a moment, imagine that any difference of rank (a mere earthly arrangement) between the mother of his child and himself, can absolve him from paternal duties?

I am lost in astonishment at the notion. And then imagine a man, performing all sorts of minor duties, neglecting this first one the while. I always fancy that we may be surrounded by spiritual powers. Now, think what a horrible mockery it must seem to them, when they behold a man going to charity dinners, busying himself about flannel for the poor, jabbering about education at public meetings, immersed in indifferent forms and ceremonies of religion, or raging against such things, because it is his duty, as he tells you; and at the door holding a link, or perhaps, at that moment bringing home the produce of small thefts in a neighboring narrow alley, is his own child, a pinched-up, haggard, outcast, cunning-looking little thing. Throw down, man, the flannel, and the soap, and the education, and the Popery, and the Protestantism; and go up that narrow alley, and tend your child; do not heap that palpably unjust burden on the back of a world, which has enough, at all times, of its own to bear. If you cannot find your own child, adopt two others in its place, and let your care for them be a sort of sin-offering.

Upon another point nearly connected with that here taken up, we have the same bold speaking-out:—

A daughter has left her home, madly, ever so wickedly if you like; but what are too often the demons tempting her onwards, and preventing her return? The uncharitable speeches she has heard at home, and the feeling she shares with most of us, that those we have lived with are the sharpest judges of our conduct.

Would you, then, exclaims some reader or hearer, take back, and receive with tenderness, a daughter who had erred? "Yes," I reply, "if she had been the most abandoned woman upon earth."

Here again, we admit, neither Christianity nor natural justice, not to speak of generosity and goodness of heart, will allow of any hesitation in going along with our author. As he well says in a preceding paragraph:—"In the New Testament we have such matters treated in a truly divine manner. There is no palliation of crime. Sometimes our charity is mixed up with a hash of sentiment and sickly feeling that we do not know where we are, and what is vice and what is virtue. But here are the brief, stern words, 'Go, and sin no more;' but, at the same time, there is an infinite consideration for the criminal, not, however, as criminal, but as a human being; I mean not in respect of her criminality, but of her humanity." Yet something, we think, is wanting to a complete statement of the case.

It is not necessary that the daughter's delinquency should be of the particular kind supposed. The sentiment expressed, and the principle laid down, ought to hold equally in regard to a daughter who has disgraced herself by the commission of any other kind of crime or immorality. Indeed, that appears to be admitted, or rather, expressly affirmed, by our author's own words—"If she had been the most abandoned woman upon earth." Well, then, let a daughter have been detected in the commission of petty larceny, or have become a notorious drunkard, and been, perhaps, repeatedly brought up at the police court, or committed to the House of Correction. We agree, nay, emphatically insist, for all that, that a father, a parent, abandoned as she may be by all the world besides, as well as by herself, is not to abandon her, is never, for one moment, to think of such a thing; she needs that he should stand by her side and shelter her more than ever. Nor let us hear of her being thrown off on any such plea as that her sisters, who have not gone astray, are to be considered. Considered and protected, certainly, they are to be, in so far as there may seem to be any

danger of their being contaminated by the example of the delinquent, or by communication with her; but to more than that they are not entitled. From the shadow that may be cast upon them in the estimation of the world by her misconduct, the father has no right to attempt to save them by injustice to her. That he and they must bear, as they would have to bear any other calamity, thankful, and having great reason to be so, that they have not to feel it to have been drawn down by their own guilt, like the poor fallen one. But, to put an end to this pretence at once, let the several daughters have all, one after another, disgraced themselves in the same way, or in various ways; as one is not to be thrown off by the father, so neither are the others.

But then comes a part of the case which is quite distinct from that with which we have been hitherto occupied. Our author goes on:—

A foolish family pride often adds to this uncharitable way of feeling and speaking which I venture to reprehend. Our care is not that an evil and an unfortunate thing has happened, but that our family has been disgraced, as we call it. Family vanity mixes up with and exasperates rigid virtue. Good heavens! if we could but see where disgrace really lies, how often men would be ashamed of their riches and their honors, and would discern that a bad temper or an irritable disposition was the greater family disgrace that they possessed.

Now this, we think, is hardly to look the question fairly in the face. It is hopeless and fantastic to expect that people will ever be brought, as a common habit, to feel ashamed of what is not creditable in the eyes of those around them; that is implied in the very terms a *disgrace* and *disgraceful*; and neither undeserved riches, nor honors, nor a bad temper, will ever be looked upon as being what is understood by a family disgrace. There is here, it seems to us, unless the passage be a mere rhetorical explosion, a little of that ultra-moralism, or ultra-rationalism, the contagion of which has somewhat impaired the robust and healthy tone of our social philosophy in the present age. It is vain to try to raise our human nature above itself; words are wasted in seeking to make that which is essentially a mixture of reason and passion a thing of pure reason. But the emotional part of our nature, too, has its high capabilities, as high, at least, as any that we should probably have had to boast of if we had been "of reason all compact." And what we would say in regard to the case before us is, not that the misconduct of the daughter is not to smite the heart of the father with shame as well as with sorrow, not that it is not to be accounted a family disgrace as well as a family misfortune—for it is impossible, we hold, that both these things should not be—but that the shame and the disgrace are likewise to be encountered, and are not to frighten the parent into committing the last baseness of forsaking his child—forsaking her, or casting her from him, at her utmost need. Looked into more deeply, it is not, after all, so unreasonable as it may at first sight appear, that such a penalty should sometimes have to be paid by those nearly connected through natural ties with the guilty. In the particular case of parent and child, it is not unfair to suppose that when the latter has erred, there may probably have been something wrong either in blood or in breeding; that is to say, something for which the former is justly to be held responsible. But, in any case, by what force can temptation be more powerfully counteracted than that supplied by the

knowledge, that those who are nearest and dearest to us must share our shame and degradation! Kind to one another as we are, it is, indeed, impossible that what is done by any one of us should not in all sorts of ways affect many other persons. A parent, however, stands to his child in a relation which transcends every other. From the moment when the child came into the world, it was literally a part of himself, or another self; and so long as he lives, that other being, which owes the blessing or curse of existence to him, must be held to have an indefeasible claim upon him for all the protection, in all circumstances, that it is in his power to bestow. No; a son or a daughter may throw off a parent, but nothing can ever entitle a parent to throw off a son or a daughter. It must be upon this principle that the writer before us takes his stand in reply to the question, whether he would take back and treat with tenderness a daughter who had erred?—"Yes, if she had been the most abandoned woman upon earth;" and, indeed, no doctrine short of this can, we conceive, be held by any one duly alive to the sentiment of duty or of common justice.

But it will certainly never come to pass that the simple fact of an evil and an unfortunate thing having happened will give us the same concern as when it has happened to or through one whose honor and disgrace are, not merely by the conventionalities of society, but by the nature of things, our own. That is a height of impartial and passionless virtue to which assuredly we shall never ascend in our present state of being.

The second of the four chapters is devoted to a story, which will be a favorite part of the volume with many readers. It is told with much grace and delicacy; and even its less perfect or less artistic development in some places may rather add to its interest with some minds, as seeming to indicate that it is not an invention, at least altogether; for a true story is rarely probable throughout. It is given in the form of an autobiographical revelation, which escapes, somewhat unintentionally, from the author's friend, Ellesmere, well known to the readers of "Friends in Council," as giving much of its life to that book by his sharp-witted lawyer's tongue, every syllable that falls from which, nevertheless, speaks as distinctly the high-minded English gentleman. On the present occasion, Ellesmere, giving way, half-ashamed, to the humanity which, however much usually suppressed or kept out of view, one sees all along makes the substance and reality of his nature, his wit and sarcasm being only an attire which he chooses to wear over it, relates how he was once, upon his travels, staying for a few days in a German town; it was a Sunday, and after having been at a Protestant church, he had strolled about for some time in the pleasant afternoon among the various groups who crowded the public gardens in the neighborhood of the town. Then he continues:—

At last I sat down at the table, where a young girl, a middle-aged woman, and a baby, were refreshing themselves with some very thin potation. They looked poor, decent people. I soon entered into conversation with them, and, therefore, did not leave it long a matter of doubt that I was an Englishman. I perceived that something was wrong with my friends, although I could not comprehend what it was. I could see that the girl could hardly restrain herself from bursting into tears; and there was something quite comical in the delight she expressed at some feats on the tight-rope, which she would insist upon my looking at, and then in a minute afterwards re-

turning to her quiet distress and anxious, deplorable countenance. A proud English girl would have kept all her misery under due control, especially in a public place; but these Germans are a more simple, natural people.

Having by degrees established some relations between the party and myself by ordering some coffee and handing it round, and then letting the baby play with my watch, I asked what it was that ailed the girl. The girl turned round and poured out a torrent of eloquence, which, however, considerably exceeding the pace at which any foreign language enters into my apprehension, was totally lost upon me, except that I perceived she had some complaint against somebody, and that she had a noble, open countenance, which, from long experience of the witness-box, I felt was telling me an unusual portion of truth. One part of the discourse I perceived very clearly to be about money, and, as she touched her gown, (which was very neat and nice,) it had something to do with the price of the said gown.

She then, in her simplicity and desperation, asked him to take her with him to England as a servant. When he explained to her that London was not exactly the place for an unfriended girl to be wandering about, "The same thing everywhere, everywhere," she exclaimed, in a mournful, reproaching tone, evidently coming from some experience of those same dangers of which she was warned. Ellesmere, however, could only make out, from her rapid, passionate talk, that she had been accustomed to take care of children, and had once had eleven under her charge at most wretched wages. Still there was plainly something more than this. At last it was agreed that she should write out her story; and, with her own help, and that of the dictionary, he managed the following morning to get at the sense of her simple statement.

It began by giving her birth, parentage, and education. She was born of poor parents in the country, a few miles out of the town. She was now an orphan. She had come into service in the town. Her master had endeavored to seduce her; but she had succeeded in giving some notion of her miserable position to a middle-aged man, a friend of her family, who had taken an interest in her, and promised to receive her into his service. Then she gave warning to her mistress, who could not imagine the cause, and was displeased at her leaving. * * *

The new master that was to be had told her where to go to, (the lodgings where she was now staying,) and ordered her to get decent clothes before coming into his service. He did not live in that town. She left her place accordingly, provided herself with the necessary things, and awaited his orders. Meanwhile, his plans were changed. He had just married, was probably about to travel, and wrote that he could not take her in. * * * She had written again, and had received no answer. She was left in debt, and in the utmost distress. * * *

The usual wicked, easy way of getting out of her difficulties had been pressed upon her—*Ich mag das geld mit auf eine schlechte art bekommen, sonst wurde ich es in kurzer zeit haben*; but she trusted that the dear God would never permit this, so she put her trust in him—*Ich hoffe, aber, der liebe Gott wird das nicht zugeben, denn ich verlasse mich auf ihn*.

When they had got through the paper, Ellesmere gave her some silver to supply her present necessities, and promised to bring her more.

Her ecstasy was unbounded: of course, she began to cry, (no woman is above that); though, seeing my excessive dislike to that proceeding, she did the best to suppress it, only indulging in an occasional sob.

Her first idea was, what she could do for the money. She would work for any time. We had found out that working was better than talking; and here are her very words (I always carry them about with me): *Was soll ich ihnen für einen dienst dafür thun?* "What shall I do for you in the way of any service for this?" "Nothing," I replied; "but only to be a good girl."

Ellesmere is already in love—deeply, abidingly, in love—though it is only their second interview and the second day of their acquaintance. She, however, has already a lover, "a poor man and far away." The words, her benefactor says, in which she told him this went down like a weight into his heart, which has never been quite lifted off again. He saw Gretchen (that was her name) more than once again, and a great deal of talk that he had with her amply verified his first impression, that she was one of the best intellects and most beautiful natures he had ever seen. He goes on:—

One speech of hers dwells in my mind. "You must be very happy at home," she said. I thought of my mouldy chambers, and the kind of life I lead, and replied, with an irony I could not check, "Very;" and so satisfied her gentle questionings.

I did not delay my departure later than I had at first intended; for in these cases, when you have done any good, it is well to be sure you do not spoil it in any way. She would not have any more money than a trifling sum that was a little more than sufficient to pay off the debts already due, and they amounted to the very same sum she had originally mentioned to me in the gardens. We parted. Before parting, she begged me to tell her my name; then timidly she kissed my hand; and, bursting into tears, threw her hood over her face, and hurried away a little distance. Afterwards, I saw her turn, to watch the departure of the huge diligence in which I had ensconced myself.

It would be hardly fair to the author to proceed with the story, unless we had space to give his own telling of it at full length. Ellesmere, of course, does not lose sight of his *protégée*; neither does she of him. And they met again, and in England. A few sentences, picturing her personal appearance, and summing up what she was morally and intellectually, may be transcribed:—

She always, from the first time I saw her, reminded me a little of the bust of Cicero. She had the same delicate, critical look, though she was what you would call a great, large girl. She might have been a daughter of his, if he had married, what he would have called, a barbarian German woman. In nature, she has often recalled to me Jeannie Deans, only that she has more tenderness. She would have spoken falsely (I am sorry to say) for Effie; and would have died of it. * * *

In fact, she was the personification of common sense; only that what we mean by common sense is apt to be hard, over-wise, and disagreeable: hers was the common sense of a romantic person, and of one who had great perception of the humorous. I think I hear her low, long-continued, dimpling laugh, as I used to put forth some of my odd theories about men and things, to hear what she would say. And she generally did say something fully to the purpose. But action was her forte. There was a noiseless, soft activity about her, like that of light.

To this we may add the concluding paragraph of Ellesmere's relation:—

There was an opportunity for advancing her lover. It was done, not without my knowledge. She had by this time saved some money. They were married six

months ago. I sent the wedding gown. Do not let us talk any more about it. I tell it you to show you how deeply I care about your subject; for sometimes I think with horror, as I go along the streets, that, but for my providential interference, Gretchen might have been like one of those tawdry girls who pass by me. Yes, she might. I observed that she had a pure horror of debt; and I do not know that circumstances might not have been too strong for her virtue. For by nature virtuous, if ever woman was, she was.

And so the tale is left to suggest such reflections as the reader may be in a condition to make. These last sentences give us to look for a moment into an infinite abyss, bringing home to us the saddest of all sad thoughts, that there is nought in this humanity of ours so fair, or so pure, that it may not be brought down to any point of baseness!

Poor things! poor things! The best and kindest
Fall soonest; for their heart is blindest,
And feels, and loves, and does not reason,
And they are lost—poor things! poor things! *

It is altogether a thoughtful book, full of wisdom as well as of gentleness and beauty. There is scarcely a page in the volume from which we might not extract some truth, no matter how old it may be, made fresh by the manner in which it is presented. The play of fancy and of humor, too, that mingles everywhere with the deep philosophy and the moral fervor, is often exquisite. There is one chapter, in particular, the fourth, which surpasses in this way, to our feeling, all that we have yet had from this writer; and is hardly surpassed by anything that the most renowned masters in the same style have done. And all is suffused with so tender a light, that it is impossible not to love the writer, and to feel as we read as if we were listening to, or communing with, a dear friend. But our space is exhausted.

AMERICAN PIETY ABROAD.—A Paris correspondent of the *N. Y. Express* writes as follows to that paper:—

You are perhaps aware that in all the English chapels established in Paris prayers are said every Sunday according to the Liturgy of the Church of England, for the Queen, the Prince of Wales, and the whole royal family. The Americans have been thinking for a long time that as they form fully half the attendance, it might be reasonably expected that some allusion be made to the President and "the Senate and House of Representatives in Congress assembled." Up to this time no attention has been paid to this universal desire. The result has been dreadful. The Americans, instead of going to church, went to the Hippodrome; instead of going to the font in the chancel, they went to the fountains of Versailles, and all this because they considered themselves slighted. I am happy to say that henceforth they will have no excuse for amusing themselves on the Seventh Day. I have had the pleasure of presenting a copy of the New York edition of the Book of Common Prayer to the rector of one of the English churches, and he promises to read the neglected prayer in full hereafter. I should be there next Sunday myself, but I am going to St. Clair, and the steamboat starts at just the very hour that services commence.

* Anster's Faust, p. 234.

From Household Words.

THE WORK OF THE WORLD.

Who does the work of the world? We have a faint suspicion that the "decisive battles" which have had the strongest influence upon the character of nations or the fortunes of the human race, were not fought amid shouts, needed no swords, and never killed more than the few solitary stragglers who have wasted life and fortune in pursuit of knowledge. Often the truths, or facts, pursued, appear so small, that the folks may say, "No wonder their discovery goes unrewarded." Of things, however, that concern the common mind of man, no truth can possibly be small. Setting aside the mere personal accidents which can interest only the individual or his immediate neighbors, every new fact is a battle won. And very small facts—small we are apt to call them—are the fruit of intellectual battles, as decisive in the history of man as Issus or Waterloo. The historic value of a single battle we are apt enormously to overrate, because it is too much the practice to consider the human race in history not as one whole, but as an assemblage of conflicting interests.

We have our favorite nations and our hated nations; our good and bad genii. When a battle occurs, the good genius must overcome, and we say, if things respond to our desire, "O, it is well for us that those bad folks were beaten, for had they been triumphant, where should we all have been?" We ask that question, feeling conscious of an answer; but it is one to which no answer can be given. Few races were more unpromising than the Ugrians, those wild and ugly Asiatic savages, whose deeds among the Scandinavian forests gained for them a nursery immortality. Where are the "Ogres" now! They won for themselves ground in Europe, and, settling there, have become handsome in person, generous in mind, and are known to us in England as a kindred people, the Magyars of Hungary. Then, again, after all, the highest purpose of a battle is to preserve the predominance of an advanced over a backward civilization. If there be any apology for wars beyond the one just plea of self-defence, it is because the soldier preserves that which the scientific man produces. Now we have certainly a Koh-i-noor, but we are apt to see more of the cage than of the diamond.

An illustration lies close at our hand, which may be found enlarged upon in Liebig's Letters. Both soap and glass are absolute necessities in a civilized community; for the manufacture of both, soda is necessary. On account of both these articles, much capital has for a long time been invested. The wealth and refinement of a nation may be fairly tested by the extent to which it considers cleanliness a necessary duty; by the amount of the collective soap bill. Now, soda, once upon a time, was dear. It was imported into France from Spain, at an annual cost of twenty to thirty million of francs. During the war with England, it was, of course, the duty of this country to impede the commerce of its enemies. The price of soda, therefore, (and consequently that of soap and glass,) rose continually, and all manufactories suffered.

In this emergency, Le Blanc, at the end of the last century, discovered a method of making soda from common salt. For the discovery, Napoleon had, in fact, offered a premium. It was of great value to France during the war; nevertheless, the promised premium was never paid. There were so many debts of honor due to the gay-coated gentry,

that it was impossible to bear in mind a debt of justice to Le Blanc. A method was discovered, then, by which common salt (chloride of sodium) could be converted into carbonate of soda. Well, you may say, that was a small fact: now, show me whether you can prove it to be worth a battle of Blenheim.

Worth a battle of that kind, however—worth it—we should scarcely say; for can there be any parallel between the advantage to mankind of receiving a gift, and the honor of suffering a robbery? However, let us follow out the train of consequences which succeed Le Blanc's discovery. "To prepare carbonate of soda from common salt," says Liebig, "it is first converted into Glauber's salt, (sulphate of soda.) For this purpose eighty pounds' weight of concentrated sulphuric acid (oil of vitriol) are required to one hundred pounds of common salt. The duty upon salt checked, for a short time, the full advantage of this discovery; but when the British government repealed the duty, and its price was reduced to its minimum, the cost of soda depended upon that of sulphuric acid.

"The demand for sulphuric acid now increased to an immense extent; and, to supply it, capital was embarked abundantly, as it afforded an excellent remuneration. The origin and formation of sulphuric acid was studied more carefully; and from year to year, better, simpler, and cheaper methods of making it were discovered. With every improvement in the mode of manufacture, its price fell, and its sale increased in an equal ratio.

"Sulphuric acid is now manufactured in leaden chambers, of such magnitude, that they would contain the whole of an ordinary sized house. As regards the process and the apparatus, this manufacture has reached its *acmé*—scarcely is either susceptible of improvement. The leaden plates of which the chambers are constructed, requiring to be joined together with lead, (since tin or solder would be acted on by the acid,) this process was, until lately, as expensive as the plates themselves; but now, by means of the oxy-hydrogen blowpipe, the plates are cemented together at their edges by mere fusion, without the intervention of any kind of solder, and so easily, that a child might perform the operation."

Up to this point, then, we find that Le Blanc's little discovery, the promised reward for which never was paid to him, has created sulphuric acid into an important article of commerce, and opened a new field for capital and industry.

"Again," Liebig goes on, "saltpetre being indispensable in making sulphuric acid, the commercial value of that salt had formerly an important influence upon the price of the acid. It is true that one hundred pounds of saltpetre only are required to one thousand pounds of sulphur; but its cost was four times greater than an equal weight of the latter." All this has likewise been changed. Thanks to some other of those men with ready eyes and active brain from whom the world receives so much, to whom it hitherto has given back so little.

"Travellers had observed, near the small seaport of Yquique, in the district of Atacama, in Peru, an efflorescence covering the ground over extensive districts. This was found to consist principally of nitrate of soda. Commerce, which with its polypus arms embraces the whole earth, and everywhere discovers new sources of profit for industry, took advantage of this discovery. The quantity of this valuable salt proved to be inexhaustible, as it exists in beds extending over more than two hundred

square miles. It was brought to England at less than half the freight of the East India saltpetre, (nitrate of *potassa*); and, as in the chemical manufacture, neither the potash nor the soda were required, but only the nitric acid, in combination with the alkali, the soda-saltpetre of South America supplanted the potash-saltpetre of the East in an incredibly short time. The manufacture of sulphuric acid received a new impulse; its price was much diminished, without injury to the manufacturer; and, with the exception of fluctuations, caused by the impediments thrown in the way of the export of sulphur from Sicily, it soon became reduced to a minimum, and remained stationary."

Thus, therefore, the little discovery of M. Le Blanc, assisted by the quiet observation of a traveller, has caused the blessing of an active commerce to descend upon Peru. Furthermore, heroes of battles, if any of you be economists, give ear to this:—"Potash-saltpetre is now only employed in the manufacture of gunpowder; it is no longer in demand for other purposes; and thus, if government effect a saving of many hundred thousand pounds annually in gunpowder, this economy must be attributed to the increased manufacture of sulphuric acid," originated by that discovery for which, by a soldier-loving government, Le Blanc was bilked of his reward.

"We may form some idea of the amount of sulphuric acid consumed, when we find that five thousand hundred-weights are made by a small manufactory, and from twenty thousand hundred-weights to sixty thousand hundred-weights by a large one, annually. This manufacture causes immense sums to flow yearly into Sicily. It has introduced industry and wealth into the arid and desolate districts of Atacama. It has enabled Russia to extract platinum from its ores, at a moderate and yet remunerating price." Note here another article of more extended commerce, to which the little discovery of the manufacture of soda out of common salt is in a direct line grandfather. Platinum was demanded because the vats employed for the concentration of sulphuric acid are constructed of that metal; they cost one or two thousand pounds apiece. What more do we owe to M. Le Blanc's little fact? "It leads to frequent improvements in the manufacture of glass, which continually becomes cheaper and more beautiful, being now made chiefly from soda, and not from potashes. It enables us to return to our fields all their potash—a most valuable and important manure, in the form of ashes, by substituting soda in the manufacture of glass and soap."

We have not yet done with the summary of consequences flowing from the single fact disclosed by M. Le Blanc. We would observe, however, that this is no isolated instance. There is no fact in the whole range of all the sciences, a correct knowledge of which has not been turned, or cannot be turned, to the advantage of the human race. Science points the way to commerce, and the path of commerce is the path to peace—to the perfecting, so far as perfection can be looked for, of the human family. Commerce must awaken our sleepers, before Christianity can pour its voice into their ears. Missionaries before merchants are in most parts of the world—the seed before the plough. The men who direct that plough—who point the path of commerce, and discover new tracts for our human industry to travel in—humble explorers—patient men, who spend their lives in bringing up out of the mines of ignorance into the upper light a few

small grains of truth, so precious, yet apparently so trivial; these do their large share of the real work of the world, howsoever rarely we may read of them in the calendar of the world's distinctions and titles.

We are wandering, however, from M. Le Blanc's discovery, and must not do that yet, because there still remains a consequence resulting from it, which it would not do for an Englishman to omit. Liebig says—"I have already told you, that in the manufacture of soda from culinary salt, it is first converted into sulphate of soda. In this first part of the process, the action of sulphuric acid produces fuming concentrated muriatic acid, to the extent of one and a half times, or twice the amount of the sulphuric acid employed. At first, the profit upon the soda was so great that no one took the trouble to collect the muriatic acid—indeed, it had no commercial value. A profitable application of it was, however, soon discovered; it is a compound of chlorine; and this substance may be obtained from it purer and more cheaply than from any other source. The bleaching power of chlorine has long been known; but it was only employed upon a large scale after it was obtained from this residuary muriatic acid; and it was found that in combination with lime it could be transported to distances without inconvenience. *Thenceforth it was used for bleaching cotton*; and, but for this new bleaching process, it would scarcely have been possible for the cotton manufacture of Great Britain to have attained its present enormous extent—it could not have competed in price with that of France and Germany." That is on account of the high price of land in England, and the large quantity that would have been required for bleaching-ground.

"In the old process of bleaching, every piece had to be exposed to the air and light during several weeks in the summer, and kept continually moist by manual labor. For this purpose, meadow land, eligibly situated, was essential. Now, a single establishment near Glasgow, of only moderate extent, bleaches fourteen hundred pieces of cotton daily." Fancy the acreage of land that would be requisite to produce in the old way a decidedly inferior result.

Then, again, the cheap muriatic acid got in this manner is applied to the extraction from old bones of their glue. Furthermore, the extended applications of sulphuric acid have led to its economic use in the processes of refining. A one twelve-hundredth or one two-thousandth part of gold formerly not worth extracting, and left wasted in the silver, is extracted now, and pays the refiner for his work. He returns to his employer, without charge, the silver and the copper separated from each other, paying himself with the modicum of gold—one to one and a half per cent. of the value of the silver, which sulphuric acid has enabled him without difficulty to extract.

We must interrupt here our catalogue of consequences which have followed from the process pointed out by M. Le Blanc; we break it off abruptly for want of space, and not for want of matter. The space already occupied we certainly do not regret; for it is worth while now and then to consider in detail what we all acknowledge in the gross. The services of scientific men are very important; we are all ready to say that; but we are not all ready to see how absolute and solid are the gains which we derive from silent meditation in a student's chamber. The sense of service, the consciousness of working for the world, is too often the

only reward of a man whose thoughts shall put money by thousands or millions into the pockets of his country.

We have taken this illustration out of Liebig's Letters upon Chemistry. It would have been as easy to point out the practical work done for the human race, the material and moral prosperity advanced, and still to be advanced, by any other science; by geology, for example, or astronomy.

Out of the same book from which we have already quoted, we take now a note upon a geologic subject, bearing upon the interests of agriculture; illustrating the quiet earnestness of the real workers for the world, and touching on a future possibility. "When Dr. Daubeny had convinced himself, by a series of his own experiments, of the use and the importance of phosphate of lime for vegetation, his attention turned to the extensive formation of phosphate of lime, which, according to respectable authors on mineralogy, occurs in some parts of the Spanish provinces of Estremadura. He made a pilgrimage along with Captain Widdrington to that country, to satisfy himself 'whether the situations of the mineral in question were adapted for supplying the fields of England with phosphate of lime, in case other sources of it should be dried up.' To this journey we owe an authentic report of the occurrence of this most valuable mineral, which forms in Estremadura, near Logrosan, seven miles from Truxillo, a bed or vein from seven to sixteen feet wide, and several miles in length. This is one of the treasures of which Spain has so many, sufficient perhaps, at no distant period, to pay a part of the national debt of that country. It is deeply to be regretted that the railways, projected seven years ago, which, crossing each other at Madrid as a centre, were to unite Portugal with France, and Madrid with both seas, have not been executed. These railways would render Spain the richest country in Europe." Spain the richest country in Europe! We smile incredulous; but why does Spain now lag behind in her civilization? She was great when her ships traded in all seas; great because she was commercial; not commercial because she was great; and she was great in spite of superstition only at a time when few minds were emancipated from the thrall of priestcraft. Free to think, and free to trade, Spain may become some of these days; she may have railways in abundance, then, and circulate rich blood through all her arteries.

At all times the true doers of the world's work have demanded freedom for the intellect. How grandly Galileo speaks to those who persecuted him and truth, for what they thought to be religion's sake! But as, in the days of Galileo, men declared the province of the Bible to be invaded by the first truths of astronomy, so in our own day the fundamental principles of geology, as necessary and as clearly true, are cried down on the same score by many an unreflecting disputant. Thus speaks Galileo of his own case:—"Before all things we must make sure of facts. To these the Bible cannot be opposed. The Holy Spirit has taught how we are to reach heaven, not how heaven moves. It is setting the reputation of the Bible on a hazard, to view the matter otherwise, and, as our opponents do, instead of expounding Scripture according to facts surely proved, rather to force nature, to deny experiment, to despise the intellect. Neither is it any rash or reckless thing if any man should not adhere to antiquity. It is not in the power of any man of science to alter his

opinions, to turn them this way and that; he cannot be commanded; he must be convinced. To cause our doctrine to disappear from the world, it is not enough to shut the mouth of a man, as those imagine who measure the judgment of others by their own. It would be necessary not merely to prohibit a book, and the writings of the adherents of the doctrine, but to prohibit all science; to forbid men to look towards the heavens, in order that they should see nothing that does not fit with the old system, while it is explained by the new.

"It is a crime against truth; when men seek the more to suppress her, the more clearly and openly she shows herself. But to condemn one opinion, and leave the rest standing, would be still worse, for it would give men the chance of seeing an opinion proved to be true, which had been condemned as false. But to forbid Science itself would be against the Bible, which teaches, in a hundred places, how the greatness and glory of God are wonderfully seen in all his works, and are to be read in their full divinity in the open book of the heavens; and let none believe that we have completed the reading of the sublime thoughts which stand written in characters of light on those pages, *when we have gazed on the brightness of the sun and stars at their rising and setting*, which, indeed, the beasts also can do; but there are therein mysteries so profound, ideas so sublime, that the nightly labors, the observations, the studies of hundreds of the acutest minds, after a thousand years of research, have not yet fully penetrated them; but the pleasure of investigation and discovery endures eternally."

So spoke one of the world's workers; and there is still need that he should speak, for although the form of the old antagonism be altered, too much of its spirit yet remains. Truth cannot contradict truth, and all truth gained is a step gained, which brings man nearer to heaven. Nevertheless, it is useful to take heed lest some of us perform a travesty upon this independent spirit.

The man who does not flinch from the acceptance of a new truth and the contradiction of old error, must be qualified to know the nature of that error which he contradicts. Only a man whose mind has been directed earnestly to any branch of knowledge, who has learned its strength and weakness, can be qualified to add safely to its stores, or to contradict conclusions which his neighbor may thrust flippantly aside, ignorant altogether of the premises on which they rest. A man of quick parts may, indeed, strike out new and correct ideas upon a subject concerning which he is generally ill-informed; but if he wish that his idea should be useful, he must place it in the hands of one of the world's workers, who has spared no pains to teach himself upon that special subject all that his brethren know. That ladies and gentlemen ignorant of medicine call educated physicians allopaths, and so forth; that young students ignorant of mathematics write books (one such book we have seen) professing to disprove the "Principia" of Newton, and all matters of that sort, do not result from thought, but from the want of thinking. Newton may be wrong, and homeopathy may be right, and everybody may think what he pleases; but to disprove Newton, or to prove that medicine is most active when you take it in the smallest imaginable doses, is a task for which men should prepare themselves with a long course of study. Those who work for the world have to work cautiously and painfully through long years of ex-

periment and labor. To be sure, also, the soldier is prepared, through a long series of drills, for the work that he also has to do. Which workman ought to claim the gratitude of states, which helps most largely to fulfil the law of human progress, all our readers know. But the phantasm of glory will not yet forsake the battle-field; and still the applause of courts and nations echoes round the soldier's tent, leaving the laboratory and the student silent. Unimpeded the world's work goes on, and daily we receive a host of benefits from unrewarded hands.

From the N. Y. Ev. Post.

THE YANKEES CALLED FOR.

HAVING tested the qualities of our locks, ploughs, reapers, steamships and sailing vessels, the Europeans are now disposed to have a look at our fighting. At least, the radicals, both of England and the continent, argue that the absolute governments of Europe will not be thoroughly republicanized until the Americans lend them a hand. Thus the *London Leader*—edited by a son of Leigh Hunt, and which represents one of the advance guards of the European democracy—in discussing the late arbitrary decrees of Austria, remarks as follows:

What hope remains of resisting the march of Cossackism across Europe? We see but one; and it is time to call forth that hope into active life. It is an appeal to the democracy of Europe; indeed, not only of Europe, but the democracy of the whole world. England has waived her right to the post of honor; but there is another imperial England not so bound by the concealed cords of diplomacy and court influences—the Anglo-American republic. That republic is the natural head of the democratic movement. True, her fathers forewarned her against European intervention; but when Cossackism has established itself on the shores of the Atlantic it will be too late to discuss the policy of intervention, too late to take the initiative. Besides, the people of that republic can act without waiting for the government. Nor would it really be an alien intervention. Her sons can act with us; they are more than cousins, they are brothers of the whole blood, needing only a common action to develop all our brotherhood. And to the democracy of the world they are the very brothers of their reliance.

An American force in the battle-field of Europe, raising the standard of democracy, would call forth every people of the continent, in hope, courage, and irresistible numbers. Floating in that field, "the star-spangled banner" would strike terror and despair into the heart of old despotism, conscious of its doom. Its very coming would be victory.

This writer then proceeds to show that while the governments of the more liberal powers are too hopelessly embarrassed to intervene with effect in the coming struggle of the people, the first word of assent from America would be the signal for a more tremendous democratic movement than has ever taken place in the old world. The government of Great Britain, he says, may be deluded by diplomacy, but the people sympathize with the people. Once send forth the word of revolt, and the masses would shout an echo to the summons, and would soon place in power men with heart, head and influence enough to lead England to her true post.

We are not prepared to say that the great "Anglo-American Republicans" will accept the honorable position assigned them, much as they seem disposed occasionally to have a brush with Mexico

or Cuba. But we know enough of the spirit of our people to say, that while they will not rush heedlessly into European quarrels, they will brook no offences from the absolutist governments. Should a general continental war arise—an event of which the English statesmen and the English newspapers are obviously apprehensive—our alliances, if we depart so far from our previous policy as to form any, can only be with those who battle on the side of liberal principles and free institutions.

We say that there is an evident apprehension in England of continental disturbance; and we think no one can read the journals of that country without coming to the same conclusion. Nor is it any less clear, that in the event of a general war, England will stand almost alone on the side of freedom, and she will naturally look to this country for sympathy and support. The remarkable change which has recently taken place in the tone of the English press in regard to this country is significant. A little while ago, the organs of public opinion there, which referred to us at all, abounded in slurs and abuse, but now they go out of the way to utter compliments. The most trifling successes on the part of the "Yankees" are chronicled with good feeling and even jubilation. Our power is acknowledged, our enterprise extolled, and our future painted in the glowing colors of prophecy. Now, there may be a little of the spirit of trade in this; the nation of shopkeepers, as England has been termed, may design to play the graceful to her largest customer; but we are inclined to believe that a deeper policy is at the bottom of the movement. It contemplates a closer bond than that of mere commercial interchange, and comprises within its possible contingencies, a fraternal alliance against the progress of continental despotism.

POISONOUS SATURATIONS UNDER TOWNS.—As we long since remarked, there is something extraordinary and inconsistent in the fact that while a single act of individual poisoning, or even a single death by mephitic vapor, excites an outcry throughout the whole country, the clearest proofs, over and over again adduced, that thousands are annually slain by the municipal poison of ill-drained towns, are heard with utter apathy, and anything like a popular and general movement towards the removal of the poison at least, if not towards the punishment of the guilty, was excited with the utmost difficulty, and is scarcely sustainable at all. The saturation of the subsoil of towns with deadly filth is a mischief which must, if allowed to continue, very shortly come to a head in some tremendous visitation of plague, by comparison with which even cholera is as nothing. The cesspool system, since its commencement, may have been a palliative hitherto, that has, so far, fenced with a repetition of the worst and most dread visitations which surface accumulations more readily induced; but only think of the horrid state of things when the subsoil of the metropolis, polluted everywhere with cesspool deposits, and imperfect drainage, shall be completely saturated, as it must inevitably come to be in course now of a comparatively short space of time—as surely, indeed, as that a single cesspool comes at length to be filled, even while spreading and saturating the subsoil in every direction. If Mr. Macaulay's New Zealander ever witness the desolation of London, no cause of its abandonment by the living of that era will equal this in probability and all-sufficient power to turn it into a desolate Upas valley. Be it remembered that the cesspool system had its beginning at no very remote epoch, and as surely as it had a beginning, so surely must it have an ending, in one way or another, either after the recurrence of great and desolating plagues or before them.—*Builder*.

From Tait's Magazine.

PERSONAL HISTORY OF CHARLES II.*

THE world is scarce so hard upon gentlemen under a cloud as cynics are too prone to imagine. But for General Monk, the delightful volumes of Dr. Percy might have extended to tenfold their present amount. Had the perils, struggles, and hardships of the Merry Monarch failed to attain a successful *dénouement*, England might haply have borne a high reputation for the gentle science of the Trouvères, and many a gentleman's horse would have shied as some monster hurdy-gurdy dolefully ground in her majesty's thoroughfares the right pleasant ditty of "The Pendrills and the persecuted Prince," or, "The King and the Royal Oak." But for once the sword prevailed over the pen, and the apotheosis of the Stuarts is the exclusive property of Scotch lyrics. The halo of success obscured the toils and troubles which preceded and insured its advent. And such is but in the natural order of things. Even as a generous and general amnesty is accorded by the victor to past transgressions, so are the minor incidents and episodes that conduced to his triumph gradually merged into oblivion as soon as that triumph is assured—the one great end attained. But there were certain social characteristics of the age so closely interwoven with the early career of Charles II., too important in their causes and consequences to be ignored by the historian. To the bigotry of anointed despotism had succeeded the yet more pernicious bigotry of sectarian intolerance; and never was the trite saying of the Arabic philosopher, "The oppression of the Sultan for a hundred years rather than the oppression of the subjects, one over another, for a single year," more fully exemplified than during those turbulent times, when poor Charles Stuart was alternately the tool of the arrogant Covenanters and the worthless and profligate Cavaliers.

Mr. Lyon divides his narrative into three parts; the first treats of Charles' arrival in Scotland, the second of his ill-omened expedition to England, and the third his subsequent adventures and triumphant restoration. By far the greater portion of the work is occupied by the first division of his subject, to us the least interesting. Poor Charles! small marvel that he was subsequently found lacking in godliness and grace, considering the merciless doses of both administered so freely by Kirk and Covenanter, Malignant, Engager, Protector, and the rest of them.

Now for the King the zealous Kirk
'Gainst th' Independent bleats;
Whereas (alas!) their only wark
Is to renew old cheats.

* * * * *
If they can sit, vote what they list,
And crush the new states down,
Then up go they, but neither Christ
Nor King shall have their own—

wrote concerning them, with more frankness than poetic skill, a certain Marchmont Nedham; and no doubt Charles heartily agreed with him, as he continued—

Away ye juggling, paltry crew
Of well-affected knaves.

* Personal History of King Charles the Second, from his Landing in Scotland, June 23, 1650, till his Escape out of England, Oct. 15, 1651. By the Rev. C. J. Lyon, M. A. Edinburgh: Stevenson.

We are not aware that the lengthy and caustic effusion from which we have quoted produced any counter-blast from those at whom it was levelled; and yet there were Sauls among the prophets, poets amid the Puritans; and, lest the reader should doubt the probability of such goodly and godly personages condescending to rhyme, we subjoin a specimen of their tuneful powers. *Jonah loquitur (en ventre son whale)* :

What house is this, where 's neither coal nor candle,
Where I nothing but guts of fish do handle?
The like of this on earth man never saw,
A living man within a monster's maw.
Not so was Noah in his house of tree,
For thro' a window he the light did see.
He sailed above the highest waves, a wonder;
I and my boat are all the waters under.
He in his ark might go and also come,
But I sit still in such a straitened room
As is most uncouth, head and feet together,
Among such grease as would a thousand smother.
Eight prisoners were in Noah's hulk together,
Comfortable they were, each one to other.
In all the earth, like unto me is none,
Far from all living, I here lie alone.

Mr. Lyon evidently bears a most inveterate grudge towards the amiable zealots above described, and his indulgence of so orthodox a weakness is displayed somewhat at the expense of his readers' patience; however, his account of Charles' arrival and sojourn among them is minutely graphic. The first town of consequence in Scotland to which the king was ordered to repair by his "ower money maisters" was Aberdeen, and the first sight that there greeted him was the mangled remains of him who had died in his cause, and who lives forever in the spirited lays of Aytoun—the chivalric Montrose. Nor was this the sole sign of evil augury encountered by the hapless monarch. We are told that whilst at Culsalmond, on his road to Aberdeen, he was entertained by a gentleman who to that end had bought up *all the claret* then on sale. "At some part of the entertainment, when the king was seated with the Duke of Buckingham on his right, and the Marquis of Argyle on his left hand, among the multitude of spectators perched on the top of an adjoining dyke was a female called the 'Good Wife of Glack,' who, nothing daunted by the presence of so many important personages, exclaimed with a shrill voice, 'God bless your majesty, and send you to your ain; but they on your left hand, wha helped to tak aff your father's head, if ye takna care will tak aff yours neist.'"

Once in the hands of his saintly tyrants, and there was but little ease for the hapless monarch. Scarcely twenty years of age, bold, loyal, and enterprising, Charles had little expected, when he intrusted his fortunes to a people bred up in hereditary reverence for the name of Stuart, to see the Bible more frequently brandished before him than the sword, to be compelled to sign, not treaties or conditions, but humiliating declarations and extorted acknowledgments. The wily old Talleyrand himself scarcely took more oaths and counter-oaths. In comparison with that of the monarch, Miss Talbot's life at the Lodge was a round of dissipation. See what was "the dainty dish to set before a king."

"I have already hinted at the rigid treatment to which the king was subjected, and this may be the proper time to say a little more on that subject. 'The Presbyterian ministers,' says Clarendon, 'were in such a continual attendance about him,

that he was never free from their importunities, under pretence of instructing him in their religion ; and so they obliged him to their constant hours of long prayers, and made him observe the Sundays with more rigor than the Jews were accustomed to do their sabbaths ; and reprehended him very sharply if he smiled on those days, and if his looks and gestures did not please them ; whilst all their prayers and sermons, at which he was compelled to be present, were libels and bitter invectives against all the actions of his father, the idolatry of his mother, and his own malignity.' Bishop Burnet gives his personal testimony to the same effect :—'The king,' he says, 'wrought himself into as grave a deportment as he could ; he heard many prayers and sermons, some of great length. I remember one fast-day there were six sermons preached without interruption. I was there myself, and not a little weary of so tedious a service. The king was not allowed so much as to walk abroad on Sundays : and if at any time there had been any gayety, such as dancing, or playing at cards, he was severely reprov'd for it. This was arranged with so much rigor, and so little discretion, that it contributed not a little to beget in him an aversion to all sort of strictness in religion.' These zealots might have known that extreme relaxation is the natural effect of extreme restraint, and that a period of constrained hypocrisy is commonly followed by a period of unbridled indulgence.

"What must have made the matter doubly disagreeable to the king was the custom, then prevalent among preachers, of dividing a sermon into a multitude of heads, and each of these again into several divisions and subdivisions ; so that not only would the one sermon tend to drive the other out of the hearer's head, but even the numerous divisions of the same sermon could scarcely fail to bewilder him. Perhaps the ministers meant these inflictions as a penance for his sins and those of his forefathers, and a very irksome penance it must have been. And what made it more so was, their representing these sins as the chief cause of the calamities which had befallen their country, though, in truth, they would have been nearer the mark had they ascribed them to their own infatuation and rebellion."

And when he presumed to cater for himself, we all know from Hume what came of it, and how a ghostly reprimand concluded with the more mundane and judicious counsel to "shut the windows" on the next occasion of such royal backsliding. We pass over the defeat at Dunbar, where, had the king's advice and remonstrances prevailed, the issue might have been far otherwise ; nor will we dwell upon his "start," as was termed his escape from Perth and his inflexible gaolers ; his semi-coronation at Scone, with no bishop to bestow his benison, and no oil to anoint his royal head ; and we come to the more spirit-stirring days of his march into England, to win back his inheritance with such sorry aid as was begrudgingly placed at his disposal. And ere we accompany Charles into England, let us take the opportunity to observe that, however blamable his conduct in prosperity, the touchstone of adversity found him proof. With the exception of his grandfather James, nought of pusillanimity or lack of kingly bearing could be imputed to those of his house, and he proved himself no unworthy scion of such race. Constantly importuned to resign his pretensions to the realms of England and Ireland, he as constantly imperatively refused compliance with concession so odious.

As a soldier, his courage was indisputable, and indomitable was his endurance of fatigue. "A Mr. Feversham, who was attached to his suite, thus writes concerning him from Perth, 5th May :—'His majesty's judgment and activity, both in civil and martial affairs, are to a degree you would not imagine, in so few months' growth as he hath trod this stage ; being the first and forwardest upon every occasion in either kind ; and adventuring his person (I pray God not too much) upon every show of danger, riding continually, and being up early and late ; with which, nevertheless, his health is not abated, but the contrary.' Moreover, he evinced throughout his troubles, from the period of his first quitting Holland till his humiliating return, a degree of prudence and king-craft but little to be expected from a crowned and proscribed outlaw of twenty. And these various attributes were severely taxed. Under all circumstances, Charles' expedition to England was, perhaps, if not his only, at least his best resource. But it was a desperate attempt, and whence the wisest amid his counsellors could derive but little of hope.

"The Duke of Hamilton thus writes to the same Mr. Crofts, in a less confident strain, and perhaps with a presentiment of his approaching fate : 'Dear Will—The last thing I did was to drink your health, with Lord Thomas, Dan O'Neile, and Lauderdale, who are now all laughing at the ridiculousness of our condition. We have quit Scotland, being scarce able to maintain it ; and yet we grasp at all, and nothing but all will satisfy us, or to lose all. I confess I cannot tell you whether our hopes or fears are greatest ; but we have one stout argument—despair ; for we must now either stoutly fight it, or die. All the rogues have left us, I shall not say whether for fear or disloyalty ; but all now with his majesty are such as will not dispute his commands.'"

Not that there was any lack of willing spirits ready to aid their rightful sovereign, but the hideous and persecuting spirit of domineering sectarianism descended from the pulpit to preside at the muster-roll, and to decide as to the eligibility of recruits. To the latter was propounded the query demanded problematically by the bard of Erin—

Shall I ask the brave soldier who fights by my side
In the cause of mankind, if our tenets agree ?

Men and officers were alike required to subscribe the Covenant, and this detained in the scabbard many a loyal blade that else would have performed good service. "The adherents of the Covenant left him because he would not worship it as they did ; and its enemies refrained from joining him because they knew he had sworn to uphold it."

With the issue, or, according to Cromwell, "the glorious mercy," all are acquainted. It is written on the walls of Worcester in characters of blood. Charles demeaned himself right well on the disastrous day that seemed to seal his fortunes forever. "In the Friars Street, his majesty put off his armor, which was heavy and troublesome to him, and took a fresh horse ; and then, perceiving many of his foot-soldiers beginning to throw down their arms, and decline fighting, he rode up and down among them, with his hat in his hand, entreating them to stand to their arms and fight like men. At another time he encouraged them by reminding them of the goodness and justice of the cause they fought for ; but seeing himself not able to prevail, he added, 'I had rather you would shoot me than keep me alive to see the sad consequences of this

fatal day.' " And then began his series of wanderings and adventures, than which romance has naught more marvellous to record. Mr. Lyon has depicted these with much prolixity, but yet most felicitously. He gives us a new version of the story of the oak; from him we learn that the vanquished monarch, instead of scaling it like a hunted cat, mounted it with all the dignity of royalty under difficulties.

"As the day was now beginning to dawn, and it was thought unsafe for the king to remain any longer where he was, they all returned to the wood, where Carlis proposed to the king to get up with him into a lofty oak-tree, which had been lopped some years before, and was now grown thick and bushy, in which they might conceal themselves without much risk of being discovered. This plan being approved of, the Penderills assisted the king and Carlis in climbing the tree; and, having supplied them with provisions, left them to pass the day there. They had also provided his majesty with a cushion to sit upon, with the aid of which, and by leaning his head on the major's knees, he obtained some hours' sleep. When awake, they saw some of the parliamentary soldiers searching the wood for Scots fugitives, and even overheard them saying what they would do with the king if they found him. This tree was long afterwards known by the name of 'the Royal Oak.' Multitudes of persons from all parts went to visit it, and cut off so many branches and twigs from it as relics, that its proprietor was forced at last to place a lofty fence around it for its preservation. Even long after the Revolution, oak-leaves were worn by many on the 29th of May (the anniversary of the king's birth-day, and of the Restoration), to the great annoyance of the new dynasty, which resorted to fine and imprisonment, and even scourging, in order to enpress these tendencies to Jacobinism."

We have not space to follow the fugitive prince through his various shifts and devices. In the homely garb of a rustic servant, assuming for the nonce the truly Saxon name of William Jackson, we find him playing the part of his eminently greater predecessor, Alfred. "Here William spent his time chiefly in the kitchen. The cook was busy preparing supper for her master's guests; and while so occupied she desired William to wind up the jack. This he attempted to do; but never having done anything of the kind before, and setting about it somewhat clumsily, 'What countryman are you, and what are you good for,' exclaimed the indignant cook, 'if you know not how to wind up a jack?' To this William modestly answered, 'that he was only the son of a poor tenant of Colonel Lane's in Staffordshire, where they seldom used roast meat; and when they did, they turned the spit with the hand, because they could not afford a jack.' This in some measure satisfied the cook, and allayed her indignation." Whatever his disguise, that the Merry Monarch already possessed the art of ingratiating himself with the gentler portion of his subjects we collect from the following anecdote. An obsequious and officious minister, by no means above a love of gossip, bethinks him he has discovered a king's-nest, but finds he has reckoned without his hostess:—"Next morning he was informed that the suspected persons had departed; but still, resolving to investigate the matter, he repaired to the inn, pondering in his mind as he went what might be the best method of entrapping the hostess into a confession, supposing her to be privy to the plot. 'Why now,

Margaret,' said he when he arrived, 'you are a maid of honor!' 'What mean you by that, Mr. Parson?' replied Margaret tartly. 'Why, Charles Stewart lay last night at your house, and kissed you at his departure; so that you must be a maid of honor.' The woman then began to be very angry, and told him that he was a scurvy, ill-conditioned fellow, to go about to bring her and her house into trouble: 'But if I thought it was the king, as you say it is, I should think the better of my lips all my life. So, Mr. Parson, get you out of my house, or I'll find those that shall kick you out.'"

However, we cannot afford to dwell on the many hair-breadth escapes of the royal wanderer; they will be found recorded in great yet not wearisome detail in Mr. Lyon's pages.

After landing the outcast in France, his biographer proceeds to advert, and with a degree of seriousness unworthy of one of so much research, to the exploded story of Charles' passages with the "Grande Mademoiselle," which rest on no better foundation than the memoirs of that silliest, vainest and weakest of Frenchwomen.

Mr. Lyon is considerably less happy, though far more concise and summary, in his account of the restoration of Charles to his rights than in his delineation of his hardships whilst doing battle to secure them. So diffuse an author might surely have dilated somewhat more upon the happy *principis adventus Caroli*. Was he so exhausted by his anti-puritanic philippics as to find no space to relate particulars of how "the now joyful, happy, and comfortable return of the sun into our horizon hath restored our hearts and revived us?" Some of his readers, with similar Jacobite tendencies, might have been pleased to hear how the good city of London made a feast for their prodigal lord, and in what guise they cooked the fatted calf. Let us quote a contemporary writer for the benefit of Mr. Lyon's second edition. "Their majesties' meat was proportioned into four services. The first consisted of fifty dishes of cold meats, as brawn, fish, and cold baked meats, planted upon the garnish or side-table; the other three services were of all sorts of hot flesh and fish, boiled, roast, and baked, to the number of a hundred and twenty dishes; after which was served up a curious and well-ordered banquet." Charles, be it observed, was himself no mean adept in the culinary art.

Mr. Lyon's work goes far to explain, if not to exculpate, the vices of the Merry Monarch. Can it be wondered at that his ideas of religion were associated with hypocrisy, bigotry, and fanaticism—that he should have eagerly grasped at the opportunity of a vicious indulgence of his meaner passions, when he had been so long debarred such indulgence, not by the judicious precepts and practical example of the wise, the kind, the virtuous, but by the stern and iron hand of a persecuting and relentless sect? Pity, however, that his nature was too frail and unstable to profit aught in the rude school of adversity. But we cannot better express ourselves than in the words of his biographer.

"To this I will only add that, had Charles seen and acknowledged the Divine Hand which so remarkable delivered him from his rebellious subjects; had he deeply repented of the falsehood, hypocrisy, and perjury which he practised when in Scotland; had he profited by his subsequent misfortunes; and, when restored to his throne, had he evinced his gratitude to God by the piety and purity

of his after-life, his own destiny and that of his successors would probably have been very different from what they were."

We have just hinted at the possibility of the present work reaching a second edition—it is well worthy of it; but in such case we must give its author a few hints. His style is often so slip-slop and careless as to be at times ungrammatical. Moreover, he takes up, drops, and resumes his subject so much as to distract and bewilder his reader; and his partiality for the little monosyllable *got* is at direct variance with the rules of terse and didactic writing. He should shun, moreover, the feeble aid of expletives. But Mr. Lyon is a scholar; and if he but brush up his Pliny, we are certain that he will admit the justice of the remarks which conclude our notice of his interesting work.

From the Transcript.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

THERE is hardly a young man in the country who has so suddenly, and so honorably, risen from obscurity, to a place in the affections, admiration and respect of the public, as Bayard Taylor. As has already been announced, he has left the United States to resume his travels, and goes on a no less important mission than the discovery of the source of the river Niger, in Africa. The following, from the New York Day Book, gives a touching episode in the life of this young man, which shows the pure stuff his heart is made of, and which cannot fail to enlist in his behalf the best sympathies of every noble nature:—

"There is a little episode in the life of Bayard Taylor which, perhaps, should not be written of by a stranger, or for stranger eyes. We have not the happiness to be of the circle of his friends, though these paragraphs evince our appreciation of his character; and this passage of his history we learned but casually, in one of those subdued conversations in which society recognizes such sacred events in the histories of its beloved members.

"In his boyhood, Bayard Taylor discovered in a fair young angel of the place where he was born, that portion of himself which, according to the old mystery, should crown each nature with perfection and happiness. When he aspired, she was at the far-away end of the high-reaching vista, holding in her hand the hoped-for crown. In a letter which he sent from Rome, we see what substance his dreams were of, while a hundred ages hovered about his head to bind his soul:

IN ITALY.

Dear Lillian, all I wished is won!

I sit beneath Italia's sun,
Where olive orchards gleam and quiver
Along the banks of Arno's river.

Through laurel leaves the dim green light
Falls on my forehead as I write,
And the sweet chimes of Vespers, ringing,
Blend with the contadina's singing.

Rich is the soil with Fancy's gold;
The stirring memories of old
Rise thronging in my haunted vision,
And wake my spirit's young ambition.

But, as the radiant sunsets close
Above Val d'Arno's bowers of rose,
My soul forgets the olden glory,
And deems our love a dearer story.

Thy words in Memory's ear outchime
The music of the Tuscan rhyme;

Thou standest here—the gentle-hearted—
Amid the shades of bards departed!

Their garlands of immortal bay,
I see before thee fade away,
And turn from Petrarch's passion glances,
To my own dearer heart romances!

Sad is the opal glow that fires
The midnight of the cypress spires,
And cold the scented wind that closes
The hearts of bright Etruscan roses.

The fair Italian dream I chased,
A single thought of thee effaced;
For the true clime of song and sun
Lies in the heart which mine hath won!

1845.

"There are a thousand evil things that mar each plan of joy; the marriage was deferred, perhaps for the poet to make his way in the world; and when he came back from California there was perceived another cause for deferring it; she was in ill health, and all that could be done for her was of no avail; and the suggestion came, the doubt, and finally the terrible conviction, that she had the consumption, and was dying. He watched her sufferings day by day, and when hope was quite dead, that he might make little journeys with her, and minister to her gently as none could but one whose light came from her eyes, he married her; while her sun was setting he placed his hand in hers, that he might go with her down to the night. There are not many such marriages; there were never any holier since the father of mankind looked up into the face of our mother. She lived a few days, a few weeks perhaps, and then he came back to his occupations, and it was never mentioned that there had been any such an event in his life.

"Have we done wrong in mentioning such an incident? As we have said, Bayard Taylor is a stranger to us, except as an author; it is to exhibit his character as an author that we have suffered ourselves to invade these privacies. It is agreed that his conduct in all the circumstances was worthy of the knights of old. Those knights would have felt the succeeding impulse, which guides Bayard Taylor to the bold enterprise in which so many have perished, of finding out the secret of a continent, so that he may redeem it from ghouls, and offer it for the occupation and dominion of men.

"We repeat that ode of the great Roman,

Sic te diva potens Cypri,
Sic fraters, etc.

There be those who will curse all ships if that which bears Bayard Taylor bear him not safely to his destined port."

AMERICAN DAGUERREOTYPES.—The exhibition of daguerreotypes in the United States department is of a very superior character. In the arrangements of the groups, and in the general tone of the pictures, there will be found an artistic excellence which we do not meet with in many others. This has been attributed to peculiar atmospheric conditions, but we believe it to be due to a great extent also to superior manipulation. This extra care is, we are inclined to think, to be traced to the general dislike of artificially-colored photographs in the United States.—*Morn. Chron.*

From the Morning Chronicle, of 11th Sept.

STATE OF EUROPE.

THE latest event in German politics is the interview between the sovereigns of Austria and Prussia. The importance of such meetings increases with the universal extension of absolutism. When, in the one country, all constitutional rights have been summarily rescinded, whilst in the other a constant war is kept up with the popular party, any public demonstration of increased harmony between the courts cannot fail to possess a certain political significance. It will be believed in Germany that the efforts of the cabinets of Berlin and Vienna are directed to a common object; and, in the present state of Europe, it will be easily inferred that such exertions have been stimulated rather by the apprehension of domestic enemies than by the demonstrations of external foes. The time may come when Germany will become the theatre of the two contending principles foreseen in Napoleon's prophecy—when French democracy will enter into the lists with the Oriental despotism of Russia. But hitherto those forces have scarcely been exerted. Both in the east and the west there was considerable forbearance shown during the events of 1848; and the magnanimity of M. Lamartine was appreciated and responded to by the czar. Neither party chose to draw the sword; and the military movements of Russia were confined to lending aid, at the solicitation of the Austrian government, to the cause of the emperor—whilst the forces of France were employed in reinstating a very different sort of authority. In these instances the moral advantage is perhaps on the side of the much-abused Cossacks. The Russian policy was honest and practical—whereas the French expedition, although despatched by a republican government, was merely sentimental, and latterly treacherous. Marshal Paskewitch received the golden fleece—the French commander was honored by his countrymen with the *sobriquet* of cardinal. But with regard to the practical consequences, the superiority certainly remains with the Russians. They undertook to subdue the Hungarian insurrection, and they did subdue it—and then they left the country in the possession of the Austrians. The political objects of the French are less obvious, and it is difficult to see what they have accomplished. They went to destroy a popular movement, a temporary zeal for the Romish Church having overruled the judgment of the republican politicians. But they had no definite purpose, and the present position of General Gemoau is utterly incomprehensible. Yet, however indefinite the French advance may have been in its objects, it has exercised no great influence upon the general condition of Europe; nor, on the other hand, has the Russian campaign in Hungary greatly affected the questions before the German people. The governments, no doubt, look with some anxiety to foreign opinion and to foreign assistance; but, thus far, the independence of Germany has not been threatened either by the democracy of the Seine or the absolutism of the Volga. Hitherto there has been no alarm of invasion; the military preparations of the Diet have been limited to an unprincipled aggression upon one of the weakest of European powers, and to measures of defence against the alleged dangers of popular insurrection. Whatever cordiality exists between the different governments, and whatever preparations are made for mutual assistance, are to be attributed principally to Ger-

man causes. The existing accord among the princes of the confederation represents a league against the revolutionary tendencies of modern Germany. It cannot be compared with the union of the sovereigns against French tyranny; it does not embody the idea of a national movement; it is only the expression of the views of a political party, and of a party essentially sectional. It is the development of an anti-popular principle—it is the organization of the counter-revolution.

The sudden intimacy of the German sovereigns can be understood in no other way. It bears a purely partisan character, and only commands the sympathy of the military class and of the few remaining adherents of an effete feudalism. But it shows, in a more distinct manner than the fact ever was exhibited before the revolution, the antagonism subsisting between the rulers and the people. The friendship of the monarchs has been cemented on each side by previous acts of aggression upon popular rights. Their bond of union consists in an undeviating opposition to the liberty of Germany. Constitutions have been got rid of—the freedom of the press has been successfully trampled upon—the rights of the many have been unhesitatingly sacrificed to the interests of the few—and the people may contemplate the studied reconciliation of the principal actors at the end of a miserable comedy of intrigue. Dynastic interests appear in strong contrast with national objects. The solemn personages who figure at courtly masques are a most imperfect representation of the political movements in the countries of Central Europe. Such is at present the predominating feature of German politics—at least of those transactions which are formally recorded in official gazettes. On the other hand, there are not wanting very legible signs of the profound uneasiness of Germany. Stories are circulated *ad nauseam* of democratic committees, sitting in London, and extending their agitation throughout the continent. Great alarm is expressed at the machinations of republican agents; and even at Paris, under the shadow of a republic professedly subsisting by fraternity and equality, a number of Teutonic tailors were last week arrested, charged with the most subversive designs. There is, indeed, no end to the panic of the vigorous governments of the continent. The agents of a repressive police detect a Catiline in every contemplative tailor. The danger is no doubt ridiculously overrated; but, in the incessant suspicion on the part of the authorities everywhere, we must recognize either the fears of politicians who are conscious of having provoked popular vengeance, or the blind determination of men who have declared war *à l'outrance* with every class of liberal opinions. Unhappily, it is not in isolated cases that examples of needless and tyrannical repression occur. The normal state of things on the continent, but particularly in Germany, is undisguised and reckless despotism.

When the two great German powers are united for such a purpose, effectual resistance in other parts of the confederation is practically impossible. There is, however, this advantage in the existence of the small states—that municipal liberty may in many cases survive the slavery of the confederation. The events of the last few months have shown that in Prussia there are no real guarantees for political liberty. The enormous power of the government, united with its vast military organization, has been triumphantly made use of to carry on the reaction. Constitutional resistance has proved utterly im-

practicable under such circumstances. If last year the designs of Prussia had been realized, there is no reason to believe that any other result would have been produced than the extension of a military tyranny. At that time none of the secondary states—neither the princes nor the people—were willing to trust the professions of the Court of Berlin. Though often, probably, acting from very questionable motives—the mere feelings of a royal family, or the unworthy jealousy of the Prussian people—they have been to some extent justified by the result. For Berlin has openly embraced the reaction, and has found in its army and its officials the means of carrying out its will. Europe has no great reason to regret that the dominions of the House of Hohenzollern have not been increased by the absorption of the northern and central states of Germany. Looking at the tendencies manifested by the leading powers, we can scarcely deplore that the map of the confederation has remained unaltered. It is not easy to perceive what gain would have accrued to the countries annexed by Prussia, or what compensation would have been given for the violation of ancient rights. When the state which has professed to lead the national movement of Germany is seen enslaving public opinion in every possible manner, we must rather rejoice that the propagation of political principles so odious has not been extended to a wider area.

Notwithstanding the unfavorable symptoms of the present period, we should be unwilling to pronounce a condemnation upon the German people. Naturally averse to open violence, they have latterly displayed singular forbearance. The illegal edicts of the Prussian government have only produced a few protests, followed, in some instances, by passive opposition. Many have abstained from taking part in the elections for the provincial assemblies, which have been virtually abolished by the constitution of March, and the suppression of the liberal press has been quietly submitted to. But the breach between the people and their rulers daily becomes wider. Public opinion, so necessary to every government, except one of mere force, is completely alienated, and the most dangerous classes in the cities and manufacturing towns are only kept down by fear. The indifference of the middle classes is the complement of the hostility of the lower. The latter doubtless supply recruits to democratic associations, and the influence of the former is lost for society. The power of anti-social conspirators—and, indeed, their numerical strength are ever in inverse proportion to the degree of representation which popular interests enjoy in the government of a country. Red republicanism coexists with class government. It would appear to be the object of the continental rulers to divide society into two distinct parties, and, by means of their vast military resources, to secure a permanent victory over the people. But such model schemes of paternal government are but short-lived, according to the universal verdict of history. We cannot but look for violent changes from the indications which are now presented; and when authority shall next be arraigned before the popular tribunal in Germany, it may no longer be a question of dynasties, but a question between monarchy and republicanism.

From the Times, 11th Sept.

We have learnt with no surprise, though with considerable regret, the intimation conveyed by

the letters signed by the Emperor of Austria on the 26th of August, and the circular despatch of Prince Schwarzenberg of the same date, to the effect that the Imperial Cabinet is henceforth to be considered responsible exclusively to the sovereign, and that the scheme promulgated by the constitution of the 4th of March, 1849, is definitively abandoned. We have never been insensible to the extreme difficulty of applying a system of representative government, hastily framed on the principle of universal suffrage, to the motley provinces of the Austrian Empire; and there was something obviously inconsistent with the even and uniform performance of the duties of legislative control in a popular assembly not even possessing a language in common. Moreover, in spite of the positive assurances which were freely given, of the intention of the Imperial Cabinet to adhere to this solemn compact with the nation, or, at least, to attempt the application of a more liberal and popular form of government, and in spite, we will add, of the earnest desire at one time entertained by one part at least of that cabinet for the attainment of this great object, we have long been aware that the Austrian government was drifting with the stream of reaction, until at last it found itself brought back without alteration and without improvement to the point at which the revolution began. So far, then, we have learnt without surprise that the constitution of the 4th of March is at length proclaimed to be what it has always been in fact—an illusion to the nation and a nullity to the government. Nor can we profess to deplore the failure of a scheme which was inconsistent with the present condition of the empire, or the avowal of an imposture which it was more culpable to frame than to acknowledge. But what we do most deeply regret is the barefaced breach of faith from a sovereign to his people, the reckless violation of pledges offered in a moment of weakness to be retracted at a time of strength, and the encouragement thus given to the more violent partisans of the revolution to insist hereafter on something beyond the personal engagements of crowned heads and their ministers. What we do regret is, that if the constitution of the 4th of March was as impracticable as it is alleged to be, no other satisfaction whatever should be given to the just expectations of the nation, and no attempt made to place the monarchy on any foundation more secure than the bayonets of a multitudinous army compressing the disaffection of an irritated and deceived people. For when we say that this declaration of the crown brings the Austrian government back to the point at which the revolution began, we mean as far as its own policy and authority are concerned, for in all other respects that result can no more be attained than the forms of popular government which have now been discarded. The administration of Prince Metternich had at least some claim to the character of what is termed a "paternal" government, and it allowed itself to be extinguished and overthrown for want of the most obvious precautions of self-defence; that of Prince Schwarzenberg is equally despotic and infinitely more strong; the former might squeeze, the latter bites; the one ruled with whips, the other rules with scorpions. To have made no advance whatsoever in consequence of the events of the last three years is, in fact, to have enormously receded. Not only have the hopes of the nation been inordinately excited by the promises of the sovereign, as well as by the wild efforts

of the revolution—not only have these hopes been blighted and these promises stultified, but many of the germs of more liberal institutions, especially in the provinces and distinct members of the Austrian Empire, have been crushed and annihilated. In Hungary the ancient constitution has been overthrown; in Italy the state of war between the government and the people is permanent; in Bohemia, Galicia, and even in Lower Austria, the provincial estates had just begun to regain something of a parliamentary power which is older than the imperial crown of the house of Hapsburg, but which is again interrupted. Partly by the violence of the revolution and the excesses of democracy, arming race against race and nation against nation—partly by the despotic and sometimes insidious policy of the cabinet of Vienna, these ancient landmarks of national freedom and independence have been swept away, but that edifice which was to have stood in their place, and to have received in one imperial parliament the representatives of the nation, is abandoned before even its walls were raised. The revolution is complete in all that was adverse to the cause of national liberty; it has stopped short of all that might have effected the regeneration of the empire. To the work of destruction, as far as the hopes of the people were concerned, little could be added; but the work of reconstruction is thrown by rash and incapable hands into the rude and brutal form of military despotism.

We may consider ourselves the more entitled to speak this language because we have never ceased to desire that Austria should hold her place amongst the nations of Europe. We have fought her battles when it was not easy or popular to do so; we have never supposed that the dismemberment of that vast empire could prove anything but a great danger and calamity to Europe, whether it were effected by foreign invasion or by domestic rebellion; and we had cherished hopes, which we do not disavow, that the present ministers of the crown would bring to their mighty task a more enlightened, confiding, and constitutional spirit. The result has shown that Prince Schwarzenberg and his colleagues are below the standard at which we had hoped to place them. They exhibited energy in the work of resistance, when that was essential to the immediate defence of the empire; but there their powers have stopped, and they are probably themselves surprised to find how much their subsequent performances have fallen short of what were once their intentions.

But what, we may now ask, if every pretence of constitutional government is formally abandoned, and if even the council of the empire is to be placed in direct subordination to the cabinet, as the cabinet itself stands in absolute subordination to the crown, what is now to be "Austria's future?" That expression was first applied several years ago by an eminent writer, who laid bare to Europe, in a memorable pamphlet, the hollowness of Prince Metternich's administration and the then impending revolution. Such predictions were too faintly listened to—least of all were they noted by those who had most need to take warning by them. They have since been armed with the force of a revolution, quelled only by torrents of blood. Yet the causes of these evils and of this weakness remain for the most part unremoved, and the nation is left to infer that under the existing monarchy they are to be considered irremovable. The army has, indeed, received a marked increase of strength

and efficiency; but, perfect as that army may be, the experiment of staking the existence of a state on the strength and fidelity of troops alone, however numerous, loyal, and brave, is one which has never yet permanently succeeded, especially when those troops carry with them into the ranks the passion of oppressed nations and discontented citizens. Despotism even in Russia is not supported by such means, for in great part of the Russian dominions the authority of the czar is the object of devoted popular regard to his subjects. The most absolute powers of sovereignty which existed in Europe during the middle ages, and, indeed, down to the outbreak of the French revolution in 1789, were tempered by the rights of feudal inferiors, of corporate bodies, and provincial institutions. If the attempt to reëstablish unmixt despotism in the midst of the daylight and the activity—the press and the railroads—of the 19th century could by possibility be successful, it would be a despotism such as Europe has never witnessed before, and we must seek for analogies to it beyond the Bosphorus. The experiment of constitutional government may be a hard one, and we have frequently seen it fail from inexperience on one side and bad faith on the other; but we undertake to affirm that the experiment of absolute military power over whole nations of educated, enlightened, and exasperated men is an impossibility. The former gains even by its failures, the latter loses even by its success; and those who are one day to render an account of a throne and an empire committed to their charge, will do well to remember by which of the eternal laws of Providence and humanity they have guided their course.

From the Spectator, 6th Sept.

THE AUSTRIAN ORDINANCES.—If the revolutionary organization has any extent and substance in Italy, Germany, and the Austrian states, the gigantic preparations made by the governments of those realms certainly seem sufficient to overwhelm every kind of popular or revolutionary movement. In one sense, Lord John Russell was undoubtedly right when he spoke of a great papal and absolutist conspiracy against civil and religious liberty; but the Pope is far from being the prime mover in the affair, and the *object* is not to reëstablish papacy, but absolutism. The papacy is set up again and repaired simply as an *instrument* for the use of the higher power.

The priestly influence and organization are thus to be maintained in Italy and renewed in France; they have already proved unexpectedly useful in Germany, in Prussia especially; insomuch that we should not be surprised at any future attempt to undermine Lutheran Hungary by means of the Romanist element which exists in that country, chiefly among its less cultivated races. The family party invited by the house of Hapsburg at Ischl, which the King of Prussia must by this time have joined, is preliminary to the one at Verona, where Francis Joseph is to meet Radetzky and the Italian princes; the genius presiding over the meeting at Ischl would be the Archduchess Sophia, aunt and governess of the young emperor, sister of Frederick William's wife, and fly-wheel of the Metternich machinery, which has kept its movement steadily going through all the vacillations of the engine and the jars of troubled times; and the said archduchess fully appreciates the utility of priestly and Jesuitical ministrations.

If you need proof, however, as to the comparative importance attached to the spiritual or the temporal predominancy, you may recognize it in the comparative positions of the Pope—tottering on a throne whose conditions are under negotiation between Austria, France, and England—and that of the Emperor Francis Joseph, who has just been instructed to revoke any remains of constitutional responsibility in his ministers, and to reestablish himself, *propria manu*, as the absolute monarch of the wide Austrian empire.

We thus see undisguised absolutism once more paramount in Europe. The Emperor Francis Joseph sits at the head of the empire reconsolidated after the concussions of 1848—reconstructed to be under stronger control than it was before; Hungary no longer an independent kingdom; Bohemia chastised; Lombardy more under the chain and scourge than ever; the non-German provinces to control the German by incorporation with the union. England, to be sure, "protests" against this incorporation; but, as we have often seen of late, the protest is a common form by which England signifies her concurrence. Like one of her favorite legal fictions, fine and recovery, under the semblance of an aggression it signifies quiet possession henceforth. The Holy Alliance extends even over constitutional Prussia; it is heartily supported by Russia; and it is understood that Georgey, who thoroughly enjoys the confidence of Russia, is to be placed in the command of Hungary, of course with the view of collecting an imperial party among the more servile or reactionary nobles. Thus the consolidation of absolutist Austria is complete; when we see the immense organization of officials, military and priestly machinery which she has at command—when we reckon the immense armies which, by the help of her allies, she can bring to bear upon any part of her territories—when we observe that she is perfectly alive to whatever projects or organizations may be framed against her, and that she is prepared at every point—we are disposed to think that those precautions must be successful, that her position must be impregnable, and that any attempt to rise against such overwhelming might must be utterly hopeless.

If any contrary doubt lurks in our mind, it is suggested by the indiscretions of which despotism has been and continues to be guilty. Terror is a powerful agent of control, but despair is an incentive of resistance. In Naples, for example, despotism is not only stern but cruel; it is even less irresistible than it is intolerable; it carries oppression so far that obedience and innocence enjoy no immunity; it is so cruel that humanity will kick against the oppressor in the mere convulsion of agony and natural feeling. The same indiscretion is committed by Austria in Northern Italy, with the further mistake of alienating the confidence and affection of every *native* class; the nobles, still smarting under the confiscations, are threatened with a jacquerie like that of Galicia; even the peasantry, indulged with the sack of their native lands, would be a false ally, for the mob that is bribed with the right of pillage is in every respect the most miserable of foundations for a régime of "order." And as to the moral effect, we believe that nothing so severely shook the throne of absolutism, so spurred the revolution, as the massacres of Galicia. Austria has neglected to do anything which shall compensate Hungary, in her pride or material interests, for the loss of her constitutional independence. Austria has done nothing to con-

ciliate the sanction of the *people* over whom the other princes of Germany rule. These, we say, are serious indiscretions.

But the indiscretions of the last three eventful years have not been confined to absolutism or revolutionism. What has been done by that embodied opinion which might have mediated between those extremes—by constitutionalism? Its natural representative was England, who might have established a footing for it very extensively. Its advocates in Italy were the moderate Liberals of Naples and Tuscany, and the majority in Sardinia, with no mean contingent in Lombardy. In the east, the Hungarian nation, wholly constitutional, was ready made to act in the alliance. In Germany, Prussia undertook to lead the scattered forces which were prepared to adopt the English model. There is no doubt that if England had put itself decidedly at the head of the European Constitution Council, all these severed but accordant representatives of constitutionalism would have formed one strong party—strong enough to dictate to yielding despotism on the one side, and on the other to encroaching revolutionism.

England was present in the councils of Europe—was busy. How did she act? Let us fix on one example. As soon as Sicily moved, England incited her to set up a king of her own, offered her the Duke of Genoa, and sent a fleet; Sicily concurs, acts in that spirit, and awaits the contest; the struggle approaches—and just at that point the fleet is withdrawn, the Duke of Genoa is sent back to school, and Sicily is left to be overrun by Naples. Of course no one supposes that "England" could have *intended* to establish an independent constitutional monarchy in Sicily. Sicily is flung back to despotism. Such is the result of English simulated mediation over all Europe; the constitutional party in Italy a laughing-stock; Hungary conquered for the first time; Prussia disheartened, renegade, and sent back to the Holy Alliance; constitutionalism a byword throughout Germany. The only results like a gain to constitutionalism are, limited monarchy precariously established in Piedmont, and the better constitution of Holland, a free gift of its own intelligent king; but against that free gift of Holland, and that uncertain gain of Sardinia, we must set the loss of Hungary, the loss of Hesse Cassel—an excellent model in a bad region, the disruption of France, and a general discredit for English constitutionalism throughout the continent.

The renewal of the contest is inevitable; but what will be the position of English constitutionalism? The strength of its position is undermined by its own officers; it will not be able to mediate, but will only be *hustled*, in the renewed contest; and it runs the risk of being run down by that extreme party, whichever it is, that shall be victorious. We are not imputing concealed objects, we are not prophesying—we are only carrying forward the probable sequel of past events and present circumstances; and that plain calculation fills us with forebodings for the result of the course which "England" has chosen for herself.

From the Times, 9 Sept.

UNITED STATES AND CUBA.

We give the present administration of the United States credit for a sincere desire to repress the lawless disposition manifested in some parts of the South, for the invasion and acquisition of Cuba,

and to avoid consequences which might prove extremely serious to the general peace, to the stability of the Union, and to the whig party in America. On every account Mr. Fillmore and Mr. Webster have the strongest interest in resisting a movement which can only plunge the American government into complicated embarrassments at home and abroad; for they must be perfectly aware that if they fail in maintaining the more moderate and conscientious principles of their own party on this occasion, the annexation of Cuba would become an incident in a chain of events all tending to excite the worst passions of the community they are expected to govern. The Lopez expedition has been fostered by the slave states of the South, and it is, as we have been informed by a credible witness, Mr. Ashbel Smith, of Texas, mainly designed to perpetuate slavery in the Queen of the Antilles, under the banner of the Republican Confederation. It is a fresh display of the same popular ambition which annexed Texas and invaded Mexico, and which the democratic party has found it convenient to flatter and encourage both in and out of office. It leads in all probability to hostilities with Spain, and possibly with some other states; and although the immense majority of the people of America have nothing to gain and everything to lose by war, yet such is the reckless and braggart spirit of a portion of the nation, that a turbulent minority may succeed, by continued agitation, in defeating the more sober maxims of a pacific policy. The extent to which American capital has already penetrated into Cuba, the proximity of that island to the shores of the United States, and, most of all, the presumed weakness of Spain, are powerful inducements to the renewal of an enterprise in which the natural advantages are all on the side of the assailant. Moreover, in a naval point of view, the possession of the port of Havana by the Americans would be an occurrence of first-rate importance. It would be to the Gulf of Mexico what Gibraltar is to the Mediterranean. It would place under their guns the vast line of traffic which more and more connects the Eastern and the Western Oceans; it would leave almost at their mercy the islands and colonies of European states, which would speedily become fresh objects of their ambition; and, in a word, it would give them at one stroke the means of supremacy in the West Indies, where they have as yet only planted some of their commercial undertakings.

It is impossible that a line of policy which involves some of the most important territorial considerations on the face of the globe to all maritime nations, and especially to ourselves, can have failed to attract the most serious attention of Her Majesty's government; and, on the other hand, the American cabinet must be aware that if the United States were drawn along this course by a popular impulse, they would inevitably come into collision with the rights and interests of some of the most powerful states in the world. The French government has long perceived the extreme importance of the subject, both as regards the resources of Spain and the navigation of the Western seas; accordingly the French squadron in the West Indies has been reinforced, and instructions have been forwarded to the officers in command to assist the Spanish authorities by all the means in their power in repelling the attack of any party of American or other adventurers. As far, however, as this country is concerned, whose interests are so much more nearly affected by the danger impending over

Cuba, it has not transpired that any distinct measures have been taken, and no doubt the apparent indifference of the British authorities to the result has contributed to embolden those who engaged in the enterprise.

This indifference—if such it has appeared to be—it is high time to shake off; for the occurrence of these predatory expeditions, the chance of more serious hostilities, and the possibility of their success in Cuba, are all matters of serious injury to ourselves. All civilized nations have a common interest in repressing a wanton spirit of invasion, which holds sacred no territorial rights and no public engagements; but how much more are we interested in the defence of these rights when our own territories are the next to be assailed! If the resistance to these attempts is uncertain or feeble, they are continually encouraged, and they will be continually repeated. To avoid the renewal of these calamities, and the danger of more serious hostilities at a future, but not distant, period, it is the evident duty and interest of the great maritime powers to support the government of the United States to the fullest extent in its laudable efforts to fulfil its engagements to a friendly power, and to oppose, if possible, an insurmountable barrier to these lawless aggressions. Lawless as they are, if they are not steadily opposed by those who have the power to resist them, they will at length inflame the American nation, and triumph over the resistance of the present government. We are most anxious the causes of war should not be multiplied in the world, or the present peaceful and industrious condition of mankind disturbed; but there are interests which must be defended in order that peace itself may be secure, and we do not hesitate to express our conviction that the occupation of the port of Havana by an aspiring maritime power, capable of using all the advantages of that position against the trade and the colonial dependencies of European states, would be an event to which this country ought not to submit. A British minister who should allow such a change in the distribution of maritime power to be effected, without using the most strenuous exertions to prevent it, would deserve to be ranked with the weakest and most incapable servants of the crown, and we are confident that the result would speedily demonstrate the insecurity of a peace preserved on such terms. If the Southern states are allowed to incorporate Cuba, and to strengthen the slave-holding interest in the Union by that enormous acquisition, the North will turn in self-defence upon the nearest territory which it may seize to restore the balance of power, and that territory is our own. One act of violence and rapine will follow another, until the popular cry will be for the expulsion of European authority from the North American continent and the West Indian Islands. To that doctrine the only answer we can make is, that the European states have a common interest in holding their own possessions, and especially in protecting them against unlicensed and piratical warfare; and though we are not unused to the vehemence of popular oratory at American meetings, we are well assured that the good sense of the nation will not attempt what it cannot hope to effect. Fortunately in expressing these opinions we are saying no more than the American government, and every reflecting politician in that country, will be ready to admit; and in desiring to strengthen the basis of the general peace by rendering all attacks on it more hopeless and criminal, we are not defending

any peculiar interest of this country, but the faith of treaties, the respect of international law, and the welfare of the world. The local administration of the United States renders it extremely feeble in preventing the occurrence of such outrages; but at least the federal government can take care that there shall be no doubt as to the policy to be pursued by the Union towards its neighbors; and the recurrence of this aggression seems imperatively to require that explanations should be exchanged with Spain and the maritime powers in such terms as to leave no doubt upon the intentions of the American cabinet in future.

From the Spectator, 6th Sept.

THE BLOODY HAND IN IRELAND.

THE murder of Mr. White, in Queen's County, revives an old and a sad topic. We recur to it, not because we have any new light to throw upon the social evils of Ireland, or their remedies, but because a present and fresh occasion thrusts itself upon our attention.

The case has no novelty; it presents well-known features. A miserable quarrel about a petty right—a savage indifference to human life—a guilty connivance on the part of the peasantry—it is the hackneyed theme of the Irish novelist: nobody is startled or amazed. True, that the exhaustion produced by long years of famine and disease seemed to have lulled the disposition to violence, whilst depopulation has abated the motives for agrarian quarrel; but see how, on a provocation so slight, the mischief breaks out afresh, like the flame of a half-extinguished fire.

It is a trite remark that Irish assassination differs wholly in its character from the crime of murder in this country. It has in some respects a darker, in others a less malignant hue; it exhibits greater recklessness of human life, but less of individual baseness. It has a kind of judicial character, partaking rather of the nature of sentences of secret and lawless tribunals, such as the German *Vehm-Gericht*. Nor is the case difficult to be understood. A people distinct in race, in religion, in great part in language, from their territorial lords, believe in and maintain assumed rights, held by a title, whether of nature or tradition, which is in their esteem paramount to the conventional law set over them—the law of the stranger, whom they have been taught to hate. Such is the tenure of what they hold to be property, but over which the law throws no protection. The laborer's claim to the occupancy of his mud cabin, the farmer's tenant-right, the accustomed privilege of cutting turf from the neighboring bog—all are rights of this class, popularly believed in, and which the parties interested are ready to maintain by a law of their own, and a penal system founded on acts of secret and deadly violence, which offers the only means of redress for supposed wrongs. No statesman has yet been able to prescribe the cure for such a disease.

Yet here, as in all other morbid cases, there is a vis medicatrix whose efforts give signs of the remedy required. Emigration is doing for the social diseases of Ireland what sudorifics and purges do for the natural diseases of man's body. The process at present is a sharp one. It is drawing off not merely a population deemed to be surplus, but even diminishing the needful supply of labor. And the movement seems to be advancing with accelerated speed. The emigrants who go seem only to be

pioneers. They send across the Atlantic, not merely words of encouragement, but money to enable their friends and relatives to follow; and as America is wide enough to receive and absorb all, who shall say when and where the pouring out of the human tide shall stop?

But emigration is thus draining away malignant humors; whilst it exhausts and enfeebles, it soothes and tranquillizes—the first step essential for setting up in a renovated system the natural processes of health.

There is a light beneath the cloud.

NEW BOOKS.

From the N. Y. Ev. Post.

Literary Reminiscences from the Autobiography of an English Opium Eater. By Thomas De Quincey, in two volumes. Boston: Ticknor, Reed, & Fields.

These two volumes, we believe, complete the first uniform edition of De Quincey's writings, which have ever been published, making in all seven neat duodecimo volumes. We have noticed at the time of their publication the five preceding volumes; the two which are now before us embrace some of the author's most interesting reminiscences of literary men in England, and especially of Lamb, Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, Sir Humphrey Davy, Mr. Godwin, Talfourd, and all the old coterie of the London Magazine.

Of these reminiscences, it is not too much to say that they will form an inseparable part of every biography which may be written of these distinguished men, and will help materially to fix the position which they are destined to occupy with posterity.

Rule and Misrule, or the English in America. By Judge Haliburton. Harper & Brothers.

The writer of this, under the name of Sam Slick, has acquired great reputation for Yankee slang, where the Yankee is not known. In this country he is not highly valued. The present volume, which treats of the origin of republicanism in the United States, is of a higher character than his previous works, but will not render him more popular out of England.

Scenes and Legends in Scotland. By Hugh Miller. Moore & Anderson, Cincinnati: G. P. Putnam, New York.

Miller's "Old Red Sandstone," and the "Footprints of Creation," have made him a favorite with the reading public, and whatever appears from his pen hereafter is sure to find a large circle of admirers.

Here, however, he appears in a new field, but one in which he is quite as much at home as he is in geological speculation or natural description. Many of the legends which he narrates, founded upon the old faiths of the north of Scotland, have a wild and romantic air about them, and are told with rare animation and effect. There are others pervaded by that dry humor which seems to be inseparable from the Scotch character, and which Miller handles with as much ease as he does mountain sublimities or the beauties of the ocean.

Grote's History of Greece, Vol. vii. J. P. Jewett & Co.

This volume of the able history of Grote brings the narrative down to the time of the conspiracy of the four hundred in Athens, and evinces the same high historical character which we have spoken of in referring to the previous volumes. It is one of the most valuable of modern books.